THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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DRAWN BY J. J. GOULD

FAIR RAILROAD REGULATION—By Governor Robert M. La Follette

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Fair Railroad Regulation

By ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

GOVERNOR OF WISCONSIN

I—Legislation by the States

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TO MEET and discharge wisely the responsibility of regulating commerce, State and interstate, to bring railways back and hold them in their legitimate business as common carriers, is the most important work in the government of this Republic for this generation of men.

If the great railway corporations of the country are using their unlimited power without abusing it—if they are transporting the commerce of the country at reasonable rates, with fairness to the general public, with a just regard for the rights of individuals, and without favoritism to places and persons—then they might justly regard Government regulation as "unnecessary and meddlesome interference."

If, however, the public is suffering serious wrong; if there are far-reaching abuses in the transportation of its commerce; if the railway companies are not only carrying the commerce of the country, but controlling the commerce of the country, determining where it shall be massed, where the markets shall be located, and their control; if they are discriminating in favor of the large shipper, creating and fostering industrial and commercial monopoly—then there rests upon the several State Legislatures, and upon Congress, an obligation to act, and to act at once, with all the determination and patriotism commensurate with the duty to preserve government itself.

Capital and labor, wherever employed in the creation of wealth—whether in mining or in manufacturing or in agriculture—in short, material production in every field of human activity, is absolutely dependent upon transportation.

It is not more vital to production, upon a basis attaining to the upbuilding of any community or section of the country, that lines of transportation should be established than that, when established, the service shall be adequate, just in rate and free from discrimination. That business, town or section which is denied the opportunity to move its products to markets at fair rates, and upon an even footing with a competing business, town or section, must inevitably suffer great loss and, in the end, be forced out of the unequal contest. Therefore, the general growth and prosperity of every community, the interests of producer and consumer alike, depend upon these three factors in transportation: the service must be adequate; it must be reasonable in cost; it must be impartially rendered with respect to each individual, every business, town or section.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles on fair railroad regulation.

The founders of this Republic recognized the importance of establishing lines of transportation and of insuring a basis of equality for each community in its exchange of products with every other. They ordained that commerce between the States should be free and untrammeled. The State, as well as the Nation, aided in the construction of roads and canals, and since 1800 the Federal Government has supported by taxation a system of river and harbor improvements upon which there has been expended more than $175,000,000 in the last seven years alone. Added to this, nearly one-half of the States invested large sums of money in the construction of railroads, and town and county aid in the several States throughout the country, aggregating many hundred millions of dollars, was contributed for like purposes, while State and National Governments granted out of the public lands enough, in aid of railroad construction, to equal in area the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa and Wisconsin. All that has been invested by towns, counties and States in roads and turnpikes; all that has been expended in building locks and dams and canals, and in broadening and deepening rivers and harbors, by the Federal Government for more than a century—together with the vast sums of money donated by municipalities and States, and the lands granted by State and National Governments for the construction of railroads which are now a part of the great systems of the country—has been paid out of the public purse and carved out of the public domain. Every dollar of the money and every acre of the land was the property of the people, and, independent of all else, each citizen, however humble, ought of right to stand upon an equal footing with every other citizen respecting transportation.

What Railroads Owe the States

FURTHERMORE, the State creates the railway corporation and bestows upon it special powers and special privileges, without which it could not establish and maintain its lines or build up its business.

The State invested the transportation company with one of the greatest powers which the State possesses—the right to take private property without the consent of the owner. This grant of power is made, not as a matter of favor to the corporation, but the better to enable it to discharge its duties to the public. It can be justified upon no other ground. As stated by the United States Supreme Court:

> The State would have no power to grant the right of appropriation, unless the use to which the land was to be put was a public one. Taking land for railroad purposes is a taking for a public purpose, and the fact that it is taken for a public purpose is the sole justification for taking it at all.

The grant of these powers and privileges to the railroad corporation in itself establishes the public character of the transportation business, and identifies it as a function of government. It would be obnoxious to every just principle upon which government is founded to charter railway companies, give them the right of eminent domain, authorize the bonding of towns and counties, and grant to them large areas of the public lands, if they were to be permitted to conduct a business so established upon any other basis than that of absolute and exact justice to each individual and to every interest. The only principle upon which government can grant such powers and privileges, and bestow public aid upon railroad corporations, is that they are maintaining public highways over which they must serve the public efficiently, reasonably and impartially. To require full and exact performance of this public duty from the railway corporations is not only the absolute right but it is the bounden duty of both State and National Governments.

Under our form of government, Federal and State, a division of powers and responsibilities with respect to transportation and the protection of the commerce of the people was fixed by constitutional limitation. Commerce is either State commerce or interstate commerce. A shipment originating and ending within a State is State commerce, or State transportation. With respect to such a shipment the National Government can exercise no authority or control whatever. Commerce of this character is purely a subject of domestic concern for the State. If the shipper is to be protected in his right to an efficient service at a reasonable rate, without discrimination in any respect, it must be by State Government alone.

On the other hand, a shipment originating in one State and ending in another State is, throughout its whole course, interstate commerce. This is true with respect to the shipment from the time it begins to move from the point of origin until it reaches its destination. With respect to such a shipment the State has no authority and can afford the shipper no relief from any injustice suffered because of the failure of the railway company to discharge properly its public duty. Such redress must come from the Federal Government, to which the State has delegated its right to "regulate commerce . . . among the several States."

For more than a generation it has been the settled law of this country that the State, through its legislature, may control railway services and railway rates as to State commerce,

and that the National Government, through Congress, may control railway services and railway rates with respect to interstate commerce.

In recognition of this right, several of the States have established such commissions for the control of railway services and rates within the State. With a view of protecting the public in all its transportation extending beyond the borders of the State, Congress enacted the Interstate Commerce Law in 1887.

The Middle West Starts the Fight

ANY review or consideration of Government regulation of railway transportation must deal with State and Federal regulation, in a measure, independently. The States were years in advance of the Nation in moving for a control of railway services and railway rates. As Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa and Minnesota led in broadly asserting the right of the State Legislature to control transportation rates and services, a consideration of the results attained in those States is important and necessary to an intelligent understanding of the whole subject.

In the early seventies these States enacted legislation for the regulation of railway transportation. The legislation was then designated and will for all time be known as "Granger legislation." The Granger statutes were at that time and have ever since been violently denounced as radical, revolutionary, and a hindrance to the development and prosperity of the country. And yet the Granger legislation in these four States of the old Northwest was simply a protest of a conservative and law-abiding people, in the name of the law, against a railroad management which violated the rights of individuals without pretense of excuse or justification. Mr. A. B. Stickney, president of the Chicago and Great Western Railroad, in his work on The Railway Problem, thus presents some of the causes leading up to the Granger legislation:

> It will not be difficult, when the conditions existing at the beginning of Granger agitation come to be examined, to see that railway traffic was then being conducted in such a manner as to destroy a portion of the value of the property of large numbers of individuals, and the whole value of the property of certain other classes. Startling as the bald statement must naturally be, those conditions were then admitted to exist, and continue now, to a more limited extent.

Speaking further on this subject, and of the attitude of railroad presidents and managers in opposition to control, President Stickney says:

> The companies at first denied that they were common carriers or subject to the duties or restrictions imposed upon such carriers by the common law. Upon these premises, and, as they supposed, in the interests of their companies, the managers claimed the right to charge such rates for transporting private persons and property as they deemed for the best interests of their respective companies, regardless of their reasonableness or equality.
>
> They assumed the right to dictate to communities in what market town they would sell their produce and buy their supplies. Thus, a community located forty miles distant from St. Paul and 400 miles distant from Chicago was compelled to trade in Chicago, so as to give the railway the long haul, and in order to force this dictation they did not hesitate to make the rate for forty miles as much as, or more than, for 400 miles.
>
> They believed they had the right so to make their schedule of rates as to determine which of the villages on their line should become centres of trade beyond their local territory.

The Granger statutes were far from perfect, especially in respect to provisions for their enforcement. But they were essentially correct in principle and reasonable in their terms, so far as the railroads were concerned, and in so far as they sought to regulate services and rates between the public and the public service corporations. They were in no sense "an unwarranted and irrational interference with the laws of trade and economic conditions." They simply applied a principle as old as the common law. They were enacted with the purpose of enforcing just and equitable rates to individuals and communities. They expressed in legislation an effort to escape from that arbitrary and tyrannical control on the part of common carriers so frankly described by President Stickney.

This was the first great struggle between the railroads and the public to determine which should be master. It was a battle royal, and established as the law of this country the right of the people, through legislation, to regulate transportation charges upon the railroads of the land.

The ability with which the railroads conducted their opposition to the Granger legislation is interesting and instructive at this time. It is an indication of their sincerity and a measure of the value of their representations with respect to the disaster to the railway business and the industrial interests of the country which they assert is certain to follow the legislation now proposed in some of the States for State regulation, and in Congress for an enlargement of the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission, as demanded by the people and suggested by the President in his recent message to Congress.

Upon the enactment of the Granger laws harrowing accounts of "railroad construction at a standstill," of the "collapse of railroad business," the "spoliation and ruin of railway property," and the "checking of all development in the Granger States," were published and republished as the dire and awful consequences following as a logical result of that legislation.

The railway lobby assembled at Washington and in the different States is, at the present time, uttering the same warning cry, through such papers and periodicals as reflect the will of railway managers. This is designed to warn all men and all interests of the train of evils sure to result should the railroads be disturbed at this time in their authority to dictate to the people the terms on which railway business shall be transacted.

From the enactment of the law in Wisconsin until its repeal, two years later, when the railroads regained control of the legislature, and long after, the highest talent which money could command was employed in assailing the Wisconsin law, and the laws passed in Illinois, Iowa and Minnesota as well, and in misrepresenting the effect of the legislation upon railway and all other business within the State. Reports as to the financial condition of the roads were suppressed or distorted, and the corporations caused to be published broadcast the statement that not only had their business fallen off, but that they had been obliged to suspend all construction and improvements, and that even the maintenance of existing lines was threatened, while the railroad business, and all other business dependent upon it, was prostrate and languishing in consequence of the legislation which "violated all the laws of trade."

Where the Economists Erred

EVEN economic writers of eminence and fairness of purpose, accepting the railroad figures then put forth and the railroad conditions then reported by the companies, were misled into partisan and violent denunciation of Granger legislation. In all of the criticism and attack made at the time, and since, it seems almost incredible that no independent investigation should have been made by any of the writers dealing with this subject. This is especially true of those whose criticisms should have been based upon thoroughgoing and critical study, in conformity with the character of the work then and afterward turned out by them as authors and writers upon economic subjects. Strangely enough, it is manifest that their argument was based upon false premises furnished and misleading statements published by the interested railroad authorities. In so far as my research extends I have been unable to find that any one of them ever made an independent, critical analysis of the facts involved.

Notwithstanding all that has been written and the authorities which may be quoted to the contrary, I venture here to declare that, in so far as the Granger laws were enforced in either of the four States, they were helpful, and not harmful, to the interests of the State, its citizens and the railway companies as well.

In answer to the claim that "railway construction at once came to a standstill and all work on projected lines at once ceased," I submit the following comparison of the railroad mileage in Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa and Minnesota—the Granger States—with Michigan, Indiana, Missouri and Nebraska—four States which had reached about the same stage of development as the Granger States, which were similarly situated as to population and general industrial conditions, and which lay wholly outside the field of, and were not affected by, the so-called Granger legislation. These States are selected for comparison and consideration only after reaching the conclusion that the conditions prevailing in each at the time were such as to render the comparison just and fair. In order, however, to broaden and verify the comparison, I have included as another group the Middle Atlantic States, namely: New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and West Virginia; also the Southern States, Kentucky, North Carolina, Tennessee, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama and Mississippi; and finally broadened that comparison to include railroad mileage of all the States of the Union for the years 1871, 1873, 1875 and 1880:

NUMBER OF MILES OF RAILROAD

YEARS	WISCONSIN	WISCONSIN, ILLINOIS, IOWA, MINNESOTA	MICHIGAN, INDIANA, MISSOURI, NEBRASKA	MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATES	SOUTHERN STATES	UNITED STATES
1871	1,725	12,401	9,168	12,030	12,013	60,293
1873	2,360	14,627	10,932	13,643	12,977	70,278
1875	2,566	15,515	11,381	14,455	13,297	74,096
1880	3,130	19,428	14,396	15,949	14,908	93,671

The Wisconsin law was enacted in the early part of 1874 and repealed in 1876. The other Granger laws were enacted in Minnesota in 1871, in Illinois in 1873 and in Iowa in 1874. By 1875, it may fairly be assumed, the effect of these laws was most pronounced in all of the Granger States. The figures presented show that Wisconsin and the other Granger States held their own in railroad construction as compared with the four surrounding Northwestern States, the Middle Atlantic States, the Southern States, and the total railroad mileage of the United States. Indeed, the Granger States did better than the others. They show a greater increase than the neighboring States with which they may certainly very properly be compared. They also show a greater increase than both the Middle Atlantic and Southern States, and a relatively greater increase than the country as a whole. If we take the mileage for 1873, the year which immediately preceded the legislation in Wisconsin, and compare it with the railroad mileage in 1875, the last year of the Granger period in Wisconsin, we will find the following per cent. of increase: Wisconsin alone, 9 per cent.; the four Granger States, including Wisconsin, 6.1 per cent.; the four adjoining States, 4.1 per cent.; the Middle Atlantic States, 5.9 per cent.; Southern States, 2.4 per cent.; and the United States, as a whole, 5.5 per cent.

It was charged that the railway industry was prostrated by this legislation. Examine the railway earnings for these years. I am not able to procure data for the gross earnings of the railroads in Minnesota or Nebraska covering this period of time. For this reason those States are omitted in this comparison:

TOTAL GROSS EARNINGS IN 1871, 1873, 1875 AND 1880

YEARS	WISCONSIN ILLINOIS, IOWA	MICHIGAN, INDIANA, MISSOURI	MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATES	SOUTHERN STATES	UNITED STATES
1871	$54,994,114	$44,433,246	$147,130,496	$41,772,102	$403,329,208
1873	70,027,777	59,106,865	194,052,302	53,696,409	526,419,935
1875	69,621,065	54,731,069	175,677,418	50,399,227	503,065,505
1880	86,954,346	79,038,920	199,003,718	48,317,754	615,401,931

This table discloses additional matter of great importance to this discussion. We find that the gross earnings decreased in the Granger States during the period covered by the Granger legislation—that is, from 1873 to and including 1875, the time when the Wisconsin law was in force.

For the three Granger States, however, this was in the trifling amount of $406,000. For the three Granger States, Wisconsin, Illinois and Iowa, the decrease did not exceed one-half of one per cent. For the adjoining States the decrease for exactly the same period of time amounted to $4,375,796, or to 7.5 per cent. The Middle Atlantic States show a decrease in gross earnings of 9.5 per cent.; the Southern States, 6.1 per cent.; the whole country, 4.4 per cent.

If the Granger legislation was responsible for this condition of things, then its operation was singular indeed. In the States where Granger legislation had been enacted there was no appreciable decline in gross earnings. In other

States, where no such laws were in force, the decline in gross earnings was great; in fact, the shrinkage was from ten to twenty times as great as in the Granger States.

The showing on net earnings is equally significant. For the three Granger States from 1873 to 1875 there was a substantial increase. In the adjoining States, however, there was a decline in net earnings amounting to three per cent.

Iowa and Illinois not only maintained the ground gained by the Granger legislation, but extended it and fortified it from time to time, but Wisconsin again came under the domination of the railway companies. In these three States, lying side by side, the opportunity is therefore presented to apply the tests of comparison to the two systems, namely, where the States have assumed and exercised authority in regulating rates, and where rates are fixed by the railroads without State control. A critical study of these two systems has been of material aid in clearly defining the issue with respect to this important question in Wisconsin.

For years it has been known in a general way that the people of this State were at a great disadvantage. For session after session attempts have been made again to secure legislation for railway control and regulation. The railroads have, however, been strong enough to defeat all such measures. Two years ago the results of a painstaking investigation of transportation charges in Wisconsin, in comparison with the rates fixed by the State Commissions of Iowa and Illinois, were presented and discussed in the Executive message at the opening of the legislature. This was the first time in more than a quarter of a century that the subject had been treated in an Executive message. Later in the session a special message reviewed the entire rate situation in Wisconsin, Illinois and Iowa, and recommended the enactment of a law creating a commission, with authority to control services and rates.

In any comparison with Illinois and Iowa rates, it can be taken as conclusive that the transportation charges in Illinois and Iowa are high enough to give the railroad companies at least a reasonable profit upon the railroad business in each of those States. If the rates afforded the railroads less than a reasonable profit they would at once appeal to the courts to increase the rates. It is the settled law that neither the legislature nor a commission created by it, with power to fix rates, can compel a railway company to accept less than a reasonably profitable rate. Therefore, by acquiescing in the commission rate in Iowa and Illinois, without appealing to the courts, the railroads admit the rates to be high enough in those States.

The facts submitted to the Wisconsin Legislature demonstrated that the producers and consumers of this State were paying freight charges at that time ranging from twenty to nearly seventy per cent. in excess of the rates paid in Illinois and Iowa for identically the same service.

A bill was introduced, providing for the creation of a commission with power to regulate railway services. The methods employed by the railways in opposition to this legislation are not without interest. The attorneys of the railroads and their lobby agents, in opposing this bill before the legislative committee, asserted that there was no discrimination in freight charges against the people of this State as compared with those of the adjoining States. They declared that freight rates in Wisconsin were just and reasonable; that there was no favoritism shown shippers, and they denied the payment of rebates. The legislative lobby was reenforced by many large shippers brought to the capital upon free transportation furnished by the railway companies. Some of these shippers came willingly, because they were the recipients of rebates and transportation favors denied to the public. Some small shippers who favored State control of railway rates came to oppose the bill before the legislative committee, as they informed me, because they did not dare refuse when called upon by the railway companies. In either case their presence was the strongest proof of the power which the railroads exercise wherever they have absolute control of transportation. This opposition of the large shippers, joined with that of the regular railway lobby employing its usual methods, secured the defeat of the commission bill in the legislature of 1903.

The people of the State were too much interested and too thoroughly aroused to permit the matter to be disposed of in any such manner. The control of railway services and railway rates became the paramount issue. The corporations were alarmed, and although they had declared their rates to be just and reasonable when before the legislature of 1903, in the midst of the campaign which followed they reduced Wisconsin rates from time to time upon such commodities as would best serve the exigencies of the campaign.

The average Wisconsin rates on merchandise are now, however, nearly thirty per cent. higher than in Iowa for the same service. The average rates upon grain in Wisconsin are over thirty per cent. higher than in Iowa and Illinois.

An Apostle to the Genteels

The Story of Doughty Father McCann's Mission to Murray Hill

By VINCENT HARPER

IT WAS up to "Holy Joe" to act, and with characteristic simplicity and directness he acted. Technically his parish did not include Murray Hill, his corner of the Vineyard lying wholly within "de Ate" Assembly District; but what are ecclesiastical boundaries to a man with a message? Did not John Wesley claim the whole world as his parish? Let doctrinaires haggle over the niceties of clerical etiquette: when Macedonia cries "come over and help us" it is not for such as the Reverend Joseph Aloysius McCann to waste time discussing the professional propriety of invading another shepherd's fold.

To the unsophisticated mind of Father "Holy Joe," every man who was "up against it," as he would have put it, had a claim upon him, and with an alarming profusion of evidence Mr. Herbert Mortimer, Jr., of Fifth Avenue and Bohemia, was in that appealing condition. Accordingly, after passing through the artistic hands of an Italian barber on Third Avenue, from whose establishment the apostle emerged oily and redolent, he took a hansom cab in Cooper Square and prepared to extend his missionary efforts beyond the field assigned to him by his ecclesiastical superiors.

"Sure, I always knew that I'd be after buttin' into society wan of them days," said Father McCann to his friend Meehan, the bookmaker, who was one of the few who knew the present whereabouts of Mr. Herbert Mortimer, Jr.

"Can you break in, do you think, Fader?" asked Meehan incredulously.

"Never fear, me lad," replied the priest, his little eager, tender, roving eye dancing with interior joy.

After paying the cabman and telling him not to wait, as he might stop for dinner, the round little man toddled up the great steps and rang the bell. The door was soon opened by an English butler, who, if appearances count for anything, must that day have heard of the death of his nearest relative.

"Not receiving," said the bereaved one, shutting the door in the face—and on the foot—of the messenger of peace, the latter fact being the result of the reverend gentleman anticipating some such inhospitable act on the part of perfidious Albion.

"Judgment! I had me foot on the base!" laughed "Holy Joe," as the butler, finding it impossible to close the door tight, opened it again.

"But Mrs. Mortimer is not receiving, sir," repeated the butler.

"Now, see here, Clarence," said the priest insinuatingly, "I didn't ask you anything about that, did I? No. Well, now, chase yourself and just tell Mrs. Mortimer that a clergyman is here—about her boy, you know."

Feeling that there was some guarantee in the clerical garb of this extraordinary visitor, the suspicious butler conducted him to a small reception-room so full of things that "Holy Joe" thought they must be going to have an auction. After a very long time—spent by his reverence, as he afterward explained, in "rubbering"—the butler returned to say that Mrs. Mortimer would be down immediately; and so she was, for a sweet, middle-aged lady presently came in betraying very much more embarrassment than her visitor supposed any one could feel on meeting him.

"JUDGMENT! I HAD ME FOOT ON THE BASE!" LAUGHED "HOLY JOE"

"You are from the Little Church Around the Corner, I presume, sir?" she said after Father McCann had stated that it was a fine day.

"Hear that, now!" replied the priest, his fat sides shaking. "From the Little Church Around the Corner, is it I am? I am not, ma'am, but from the big church around the world. Father McCann, ma'am, from the Seven Dolors Church in First Avenue, and I hope you're as well as you look, ma'am."

"I fear—that is—there must be some mistake, sir. We are not Catholics, you know," said Mrs. Mortimer nervously.

"Oh, sure, we can't be blamed for our misfortunes, ma'am, no more than for picking out the parents we have. And, annyhow, God help us all, trouble is neither Catholic nor Protestant—is it, ma'am?—but comes to every wan of us, like death and the mimory of our sins," replied "Holy Joe" reassuringly.

"And you are not from the Little Church Around the Corner, then? The servant said that you wished to speak to me about my son," continued the poor lady, her voice so full of tears that Father McCann felt that things were coming his way faster than he could have hoped.

"Not at all, ma'am," replied the apostle; "though I must say that I have a great respect for that same little church, for they do be sayin' that anny poor corpse can get a dacent burial there and no questions asked, especially if the dead man is a woman that, God have mercy on us, made a mistake or two. But, annyhow, I came to see you about the boy, ma'am—as fine a lad as anny mother could wish to see doin' different from what he is."

In spite of her perfectly trained manner, Mrs. Mortimer winced as she heard this gentle but unmistakable evidence that the reason for the present visit was Bertie's seeming inability to act differently from the way in which he was acting and had been acting for many a sad year.

The words of the priest dashed from her the momentary hope that had been hers when he denied that he came from the Little Church Around the Corner, for on the two occasions when clergymen had called on Bertie's account it had been the clergy of that unique parish that had come. Once it was a curate fetching a bundle of letters written by Bertie to a once popular vaudeville artiste who had been buried, friendless and penniless, from that home of the unchurched; and the other time it was the rector with the announcement that Bertie was safe at his house recovering from an overdose of chloral.

"He's not home, now, I suppose?" asked Father McCann, after giving the mother time to blow her nose and arrange a curtain that was hanging wrong.

"Not unless he has come in without my knowing it," answered Mrs. Mortimer. "I will ring and inquire."

"Sure, little you'd be findin' out by ringin', ma'am, for he's down at me friend Terry Doogan's at Sheepshead Bay. Don't know him, I suppose, ma'am? But rest aisy, ma'am, for a finer man nor a squarer don't live than Terence Doogan, whose sister is married to Inspector O'Dea, though Doogan's place don't never need protection at all. Well, ma'am, it's meself as has known the boy for I don't know how long—so I thought I would take a walk up and make your acquaintance. It's a fine day, Mrs. Mortimer."

There was a painful pause. Mrs. Mortimer dared not ask the question which was filling her heart with vague wretchedness.

She heard her husband's step in the hall and rose to call him, but Father Joe prevented her, saying: "Wan moment, if you please, ma'am. Be the law of nature, mothers is intinded to do some things that fathers can't, d'ye see? If you'll be quiet and aisylike for a minute I'll tell you how the land lies—and there'll be plenty of time to tell Mr. Mortimer afterward."

"Then, sir, for God's sake tell me all! Has anything occurred? What happened yesterday to keep my son away?"

"Don't you read the papers at all?" asked the priest, pulling his chair nearer to hers and speaking in low tones. "Is it yourself don't know what happened yesterday? Sure, the Suburban was run yesterday, ma'am, and Bertie plunged like mad on Turkey Red, although I put him wise, having got the straight story from me friend, Mike Sullivan—him as trains Mr. Powers' string, you know, ma'am."

"That awful racing again?" sighed Mrs. Mortimer. "If it is that I do think that Mr. Mortimer had better not be told. But what has all this to do with my poor boy? How much has he lost this time?"

"Lost, is it?" asked Father McCann, wondering at the poor lady's obtuseness. "Sure, if it was only money, ma'am, there's enough of us would chip in and give him a lift until he could get on his feet. It's not the money that he lost as is keepin' us guessin' now, ma'am—it's the ugly things that's bein' said about the way Bertie monkeyed with the jockey that rode Preston Pans, d'ye see, ma'am? To be plain with you, ma'am, there's a warrant out for his arrest on a charge of fraudulent conspiracy—he's been trainin' with a bad gang, ma'am, against me earnest advice—and the question is, will you and the lad's father stand by him? If you don't it's all up with him this time, for shame sends more men to the devil than conscience sends to Heaven. It's up to you, ma'am."

For a few moments Mrs. Mortimer could only make an ineffectual effort to dam up with a tiny square of lace the tears that spurted hot and quick from her breaking heart.

"Oh, sir," she was able at last to say, "the poor boy has tried us severely! He has exhausted the patience of the kindest of fathers, and he—has—crushed my heart. But—of course—anything that I can do——"

"That's the talk," exclaimed the priest, cheerfully patting the mother's arm with his chubby hand.

"But," said Mrs. Mortimer, regaining her composure, "I really feel that this is a matter for Mr. Mortimer to discuss with you, sir. You see, I can't quite understand it all. Our clergy, if you will pardon me, are not associated with racing—and——"

"'Twould be a long tale to tell the difference between your clergy and ours, ma'am, wouldn't it, now?" broke in Father McCann, laughing; "and there's more than one way of looking at sin and sinners. But, be the powers, I'm glad that your rector has only saints to deal with—and that I have the credit of knowing more sinners be their first name than anny man in New York. A wonderful interestin' lot is sinners, ma'am, when you get to know 'em through the wan way on earth where no bluff goes. Ye'd be that amazed ye wouldn't belave me, ma'am, if I was to tell you how much alike the sinners and saints is when you once get off their flesh and their bones and make 'em sit in their souls. Sure, their own mothers wouldn't know the half of 'em if your congregation and me own was to get mixed up like with no clothes on—saving your presence."

Mrs. Mortimer smiled through her tears. The man had a heart—and the mother seemed to feel that just then it was full of love for her boy.

"I thank you, sir, for your interest in my poor son. And just what is to be done for him?" she asked after "Holy Joe" had said a few simple words about the goodness of God and the weakness of youth and the fact that hope is the only thing that ever saved a man.

"Nothing aisier," answered the apostle, glowing with the success of his mission. "I just want you, ma'am, to write Bertie the sweetest, tinderest, most affictionate letter that ever drowned the despair in a man's heart—a takin', winsome, meltin' sort of letter, ye mind, askin' him to come home—not because you don't know what he's after doin', but because you do know, and because you feel that home is the only place fit for him just now. I saw me friend Mat Creagan, and he'll keep the whole thing out of the papers for forty-eight hours—and that means forever, for who'd care to be readin' about sins committed day before yesterday? Bertie said you'd never let him show his face here again—and now, d'ye see, you're writin' you're dyin' for a look at his fine young face? Once we have him here I'll see me friend the leader of our district, and he'll see the old man—the boss, ye understand, ma'am, and not Mr. Mortimer—and he'll ring up the judge—and away goes that warrant like frowns before the smiles of love. They'll trust me that far. Bertie's no criminal at all, and it'll be a mercy to them politicians to give 'em a chance to do good for once. I thank you, ma'am, for preachin' the Gospel this day."

Mrs. Mortimer submitted to a vigorous handshaking, and then said sadly: "But after all this, Father"—she had not said "Father" before, and the good little apostle chuckled inwardly—"after all this, Father, what hope can we have? Will not the unhappy boy fall back into the same old ways?"

"There, there, there!" protested "Holy Joe," with a deprecating wave of his hand. "Is that all the faith that you have in a mother's love? Sure, there's many a lad comes and tells me the same old tale every month, year in and year out, and the old mother church forgives 'em each time and puts 'em back on their feet once more—in the hope—d'ye see?—that they'll die standing up. Go write the letter, ma'am, and I'll bring Bertie home—and you might thank God when you're sayin' your prayers that some of the clergy keep in a sort of touch with the races."

Late that evening the apostle returned to the Mortimers' house with the prodigal son in tow, having in the mean time quashed the warrant and otherwise squared that young gentleman's accounts with the world. Whether it was because of his mother's letter, or what Father Joe said to him in the long drive home, Bertie reached his mother in a state that made the interview they had in her room one never to be forgotten by either and full of consolation to Mrs. Mortimer.

After hearing from his wife the account of the priest's visit, and while waiting for the homecoming which was its result, Mr. Mortimer wrote a note to one of the Cathedral clergy, with whom he was pleasantly acquainted, making some inquiries about the Reverend Joseph Aloysius McCann. The reply was as follows:

> Is it possible that you do not know "Holy Joe"? I thought every good fellow in New York knew this best of all of them. All I can say now is, that if you want to get into any place, or out of any place—including jail—see "Holy Joe." If you want to get anything, from a nomination to Congress to a job at the gas works, see "Holy Joe," for he will see his friend Kildea or Pat Leary, and fix it. If your friend is in trouble don't waste time retaining a lawyer, but see Joe, for he knows the boss who made the judge who will try the case. If you want to get next to anybody see Joe, for he either knows him intimately or else he knows a man who knows the man you want to know. If you do not think things are going just right in any matter see Joe, and he will find out. If you want to believe in man and give your old heart a breaking up that will be good for what ails you, then go, as I have done, with "Holy Joe," as he radiates hope and courage and repentance amid the wretchedness and degradation in which his work is cast. Joe is not a Free Mason, of course, but he has taken the thirty-third degree in the Grand Lodge of Getting-Next, and is a past-master in the still more glorious lodge of The Up-Against-Its. If I did not know the facts I could hardly believe what I hear about the countless men and women whom this chivalrous little New Yorker snatches back from the edge of despair. If you ever chance to meet him take him to your heart, for it's dollars to doughnuts that he is at that moment planning the uplifting of some brother in the fight of life.

For some reason there were tears in the eyes of the undemonstrative Mr. Mortimer when he finished reading this strange letter, and when, an hour or two later, "Holy Joe" came in, and Mrs. Mortimer presented her husband to the little priest, it was not the latter but the polished man of the world who was embarrassed.

"If not contrary to your principles, I would like you to taste some of my wine, sir," said Mr. Mortimer, while Bertie and his mother were upstairs having their memorable talk. "My wife has told me what you have been doing for our unfortunate son. Will you permit me to drink your health?"

It was past midnight when the apostle left his new mission ground. From last accounts, Bertie is slowly pulling himself together, and "Holy Joe" is unmercifully ragged by his fellow-curates every week when he goes to dine with "me friends the four hundred."

"NOTHING AISIER," ANSWERED THE APOSTLE

BERTIE REACHED HIS MOTHER IN A STATE THAT MADE THE INTERVIEW ONE NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN

Pistachio Nuts

THE Government Plant Bureau is going to try to introduce the cultivation of the pistachio nut on an extensive scale in California and Arizona. In parts of that State and Territory, which are scarcely capable of producing anything else of value, conditions seem to be highly favorable for the production of this particular crop.

In some of the deserts of the Old World, such as the Sahara, wild species of pistachio are the only plants that reach the size of our own large trees. Experiments have shown that the cultivated nut can be grafted upon these stocks, the resulting hybrids retaining the drought-proof qualities of the wild parent, and it is altogether probable that such crossbred varieties could be introduced successfully in arid parts of our own Southwest.

THE UNITED STATES TO-DAY IN THE FAMILY OF NATIONS

By Shelby M. Cullom

United States Senator, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations

SO LONG and persistently has the course of empire set westward that poetic fancy has become conviction, founded, like so many theories, on the recurrence of misunderstood incidents.

Long before the Louisiana Purchase brought the Mississippi into better light than Indian lore, and before the vast possibilities of its vicinage entered into the dreams of pioneers, we were as sure as now of America's ultimate supremacy. It was not so much without self-assurance as it was without rational ground. There are many, even to-day, who consider this theory of the westward tendency of empire fully substantiated and a good and sufficient ground for our present position in the family of nations. At the same time, they are prone to place reliance wholly upon the army and navy to sustain the nation in the position they have gained for her and to lift her to higher—to the highest of all—places, which we are assured is her eventual destiny.

For the moment it will strike such people as heresy—almost as treason—to assert that there is no Western magnetic pole holding the needle of the compass and guiding the helm of empire, or to declare that armies and navies never made or created anything or ever did more than defend the power which created and sustained them—the power of resource, only limited by the limitations of supply. Yet, throughout the world's history, when the resources failed, the army and navy, no matter how mighty, have always failed with them, and the apparent supremacy has disappeared, not because the armies were vanquished, or because empire must keep on to the westward, but because the internal element of strength was exhausted.

Supply not only seeks out demand, but finds that demand offering the best compensation. It creates an economic system, growing from local to national and international, and that in turn creates competitive economic systems, which in the end test, not the battalions in the field but the strength of the resources behind the competition—whether between two lines of steamers, two farmers raising corn, or two armies encamped against each other. And the country possessing the greatest resource and the best facility of distribution is the country which absorbs the compensation and therefore dominates. It is the country which in the necessary course of events becomes the rich and powerful nation.

According with this law, the United States entered the competition, with the multitude, the variety and the inexhaustible quality of her resources. It was not that she stood at the end of new worlds with nothing unexplored beyond but what she possessed within her own boundaries. It was the previously unknown condition and situation which alone could and inevitably must drop the anchor of empire fast and forever in an unlimited resource.

The United States is the one great commercial watershed of the world, sending streams from its eternal reservoir north, south, east and west, without the possibility of contact with any other source of perennial supply which can be more than competitive—only in some limited field, at most, and in a limited kind of resource. That is, no other source of supply can ever create a permanently dominant economic system. Nothing but the disintegration of the United States can ever touch this source of power and weaken the validity of our supremacy. May no one ever live to see the day of such disruption.

A combination of natural conditions has given to the United States this possibility in the family of nations. Considered from this viewpoint, legislative and diplomatic wranglings seem almost a waste of time and mental energy at first thought, but upon consideration they assume an importance unparalleled as the factor, guarding, protecting and making best available the resources we possess as the one means of establishing the nation in the position which it occupies, or may dream of ever occupying, among the controlling powers of earth.

Legislation and diplomacy are supported, but they are neither guided nor manipulated—save in exceptional and most regrettable instances—by the power of the nation's resources. They are the mind and brain. The resources are the body and brawn. They rise and broaden—they *must*, if we make the best of our position—not only in proportion but a little in advance of the strides of the body as it moves forward. They are not to be credited with the powers of its brute strength, or accounted responsible for the blunders of its unappreciated muscular development, but they are fully accountable for its progress in the right direction, for its wise development, its character at home and its influence among the thinking powers abroad.

The hand which carries food to the mouth on a knife-blade may be able to strike a ponderous blow. We may respect the blow and fear provoking it, but not the refinement of the owner. Much more is the dignity of his position impaired if the hand be found in another man's pocket. The physical position which America holds to-day among the nations is one to thrill with pride the sportsman quality in every loyal citizen; but no less, though less appreciated as a matter for patriotic congratulation, is the high position of influence accorded to us by our sister powers. For this we are indebted to the earnest labors, the honest convictions and the untiring efforts of those who have guided the nation in the past, not only in its dealings with foreign powers but—and more important—in its dealings at home; not only for what they have done but for what they have had to fight to leave undone.

Not many years ago such a thing as the Peace Conference at The Hague would have seemed preposterous, and as late as 1897 the idea of arbitration treaties was so vigorously fought that the subject was dropped; but to-day the United States is the acknowledged leader in measures surely tending to a world adoption of a perpetual alternative for war.

There are some who still believe that all of this is simply because the brute strength of our nation has at last been recognized and that the course of events was enforced by what we termed our filibustering tendencies; but no one can view our position to-day with thought and common-sense and not realize that it was distinctly *in spite* of those tendencies; that in competitive jurisprudence we have been advancing as steadily as in all other competitive systems. So many, too, have but recently aroused to an appreciative sense of our position among the nations that it is hardly surprising to find the very general opinion that we suddenly leaped into prominence as a world-power; but to gather such sentiments from intelligent newspapers is astonishing, for they are wholly erroneous. America did not suddenly become either more or less at any period of her career. It has been a slow, persistent, undeviating growth in prominence. The history of our diplomatic intercourse is one of constantly widening influence and broadening intelligence; and the danger which most threatens us to-day is not from inexperience, bravado or arrogance in anything like the degree that it is from neglect of vital interests and from tendencies to insincerity.

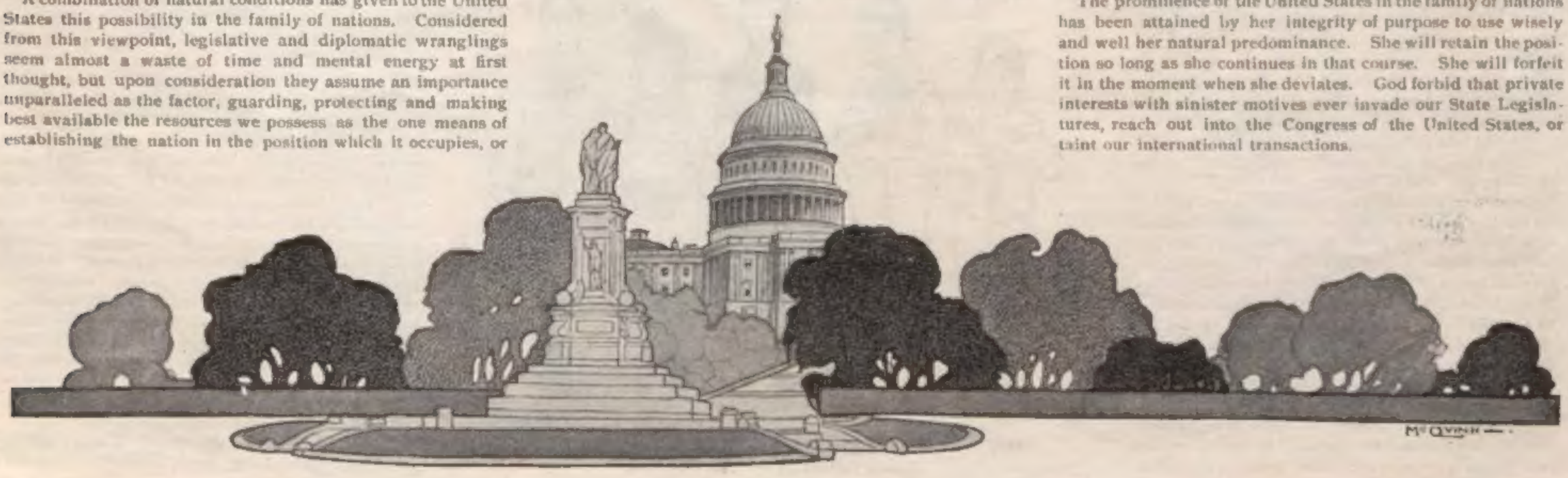
In the counsels of nations the United States now plays an important part. The voice of America is heard with deference and respect upon all subjects of world interest. More than once in the near past we have been solicited to act, as the nation which would bear the greatest weight of influence in some emergency. Nothing is more suggestive of our social position than a glance at the diplomatic circles representing foreign nations in Washington. The men whom the world sends to us to-day are masters in their art. There is no capital on earth which can claim such a convention of ability.

This is the victory of peace, and in peace and honor we shall better sustain and enlarge our field than by any force of arms or display of filibustering. It is not, however, a cause for glory, but rather for caution. It demands more earnest endeavor than ever before marked the course of legislation. It is true that the United States never stood so high in the esteem of all nations; but it is also true—consequently true—that she never stood in a more difficult, problematic and critical position. It is the more difficult and complicated because in the process of expansion we stand where many new questions must be met and answered, establishing our policy in matters which never before came under serious discussion. There are questions in which the world is interested, our treatment of which will indicate our sense of honor and international as well as internal integrity. There are questions where lack of wisdom, or sinister ambitions, would create doubt and uncertainty in the convictions of the world.

Opinions will always differ. Parties will rise and fall. Policies may even radically change without material effect. Circumstances alter cases with the whole as well as with the individual; but the vital principles of truth, honor, justice, equity and patriotism must remain fixed and immutable.

Natural conditions have given us dominance which we shall never lose so long as we possess the strength of unity. But dominance does not signify precedence. The nations must always consider us, but they need not always respect us. To-day the country stands socially even in advance of her commercial ascendency, because the secret of precedence lies in legislation and diplomacy, not in brute energy.

The prominence of the United States in the family of nations has been attained by her integrity of purpose to use wisely and well her natural predominance. She will retain the position so long as she continues in that course. She will forfeit it in the moment when she deviates. God forbid that private interests with sinister motives ever invade our State Legislatures, reach out into the Congress of the United States, or taint our international transactions.



The Lady and the License

The Wouldbegoods Before the Bar of Justice

By E. NESBIT

My Dear Kiddies: Miss Sandal's married sister has just come home from Australia, and she feels very tired. No wonder, you will say, after such a long journey. So she is going to Lymchurch to rest. Now I want you all to be very quiet—because, when you are in your usual form, you aren't exactly restful, are you? If this weather lasts you will be able to be out most of the time, and, when you are indoors, for goodness' sake control your lungs and your boots, especially H. O.'s. Mrs. Bax has traveled about a good deal, and once was nearly eaten by cannibals. But I hope you won't bother her to tell you stories. She is coming on Saturday. I am glad to hear from Alice's letter that you enjoyed the Primrose Fête. Tell Noël that poetticle is not the usual way of spelling the word he wants. I send you ten shillings for pocket money, and again implore you to let Mrs. Bax have a little rest and peace.

Your loving FATHER.

P. S. If you want anything sent down tell me, and I will get Mrs. Bax to bring it. I met your friend Mr. Red House the other day at luncheon.

When the letter had been read aloud, and we had each read it to ourselves, a sad silence took place.

Dickie was the first to speak.

"It *is* rather beastly, I grant you," he said, "but it might be worse."

"I don't see how," said H. O. "I do wish Father would jolly well learn to leave my boots alone."

"It might be worse, I tell you," said Dickie. "Suppose instead of telling us to keep out-of-doors it had been the other way."

"Yes," said Alice, "suppose it had been, 'Poor Mrs. Bax requires to be cheered up. Do not leave her side day or night. Take it in turns to make jokes for her. Let not a moment pass without some merry jest!' Oh, yes, it might be much, much worse."

"Being able to get out all day makes it all right about trying to make that two crowns increase and multiply," remarked Oswald. "Now, who's going to meet her at the station? Because, after all, it's her sister's house, and we've got to be polite to visitors even if we're in a house we aren't related to."

This was seen to be so—but no one was keen on going to the station. At last Oswald, ever ready for forlorn hopes, consented to go.

We told Mrs. Beale, and she got the best room ready, scrubbing everything till it smelt deliciously of wet wood and mottled soap. And then we decorated the room as well as we could.

"She'll want some pretty things," said Alice, "coming from the land of parrots and opossums and gum trees and things."

We did think of borrowing the stuffed wildcat that is in the bar at The Ship, but we decided that our decorations must be very quiet, and the wildcat, even in its stuffed state, was anything but; so we borrowed a stuffed roach in a glass box and stood it on the chest of drawers. It looked very calm. Sea shells are quiet things when they are vacant, and Mrs. Beale let us have the four big ones off her chiffonier.

The girls got flowers: bluebells and white wood anemones. We might have had poppies or buttercups, but we thought the colors might be too loud. We took some books up for Mrs. Bax to read in the night. And we took the quietest ones we could find. Sonnets on Sleep, Confessions of an Opium Eater, Twilight of the Gods, Diary of a Dreamer and By Still Waters were some of them. The girls covered them with gray paper, because some of the bindings were rather gay.

The girls hemmed gray calico covers for the drawers and the dressing-table, and we drew the blinds half down; and when all was done the room looked as quiet as a roosting wood pigeon.

We put in a clock, but we did not wind it up.

"She can do that herself," said Dora, "if she feels she can bear to hear it ticking."

Oswald went to the station to meet her. He rode on the box beside the driver. When the others saw him mount there I think they were sorry they had not been polite and gone to meet her themselves. Oswald had a jolly ride. He got to the station just as the train came in. Only one lady got out of it, so Oswald knew it must be Mrs. Bax. If he had not been told how quiet she wanted to be he would have thought she looked rather jolly. She had short hair and gold spectacles. Her skirts were short, and she carried a parrot cage in her hand. It contained our parrot, and when we wrote to tell Father that it and Pincher were the only things we wanted sent we never thought she would have brought either.

ONLY ONE LADY GOT OUT OF IT, SO OSWALD KNEW IT MUST BE MRS. BAX

"Mrs. Bax, I believe," was the only break Oswald made in the polite silence that he took the parrot cage and her bag from her in.

"How do you do?" she said, very briskly for a tired lady, and Oswald thought it was noble of her to make the effort to smile. "Are you Oswald or Dickie?"

Oswald told her in one calm word which he was, and then Pincher rolled madly out of a dog-box almost into his arms. Pincher would not be quiet. Of course, he did not understand the need for it. Oswald conversed with Pincher in low, restraining whispers as he led the way to The Ship's fly. He put the parrot cage on the inside seat of the carriage, held the door open for Mrs. Bax with silent politeness, closed it as quietly as possible, and prepared to mount on the box.

"Oh, won't you come inside?" asked Mrs. Bax. "Do!"

"No, thank you," said Oswald in calm and mouselike tones, and to avoid any more jaw he got at once on to the box with Pincher.

So that Mrs. Bax was perfectly quiet for the whole six miles, unless you count the rattle and shake-up-and-down of the fly. On the box Oswald and Pincher "tasted the sweets of a blissful reunion," like it says in novels. And the man from The Ship looked on and said how well-bred Pincher was. It was a happy drive.

THERE WAS SOMETHING ALMOST AWFUL ABOUT THE SLEEK, QUIET TIDINESS OF THE OTHERS

There was something almost awful about the sleek, quiet tidiness of the others who were all standing in a row outside the cottage to welcome Mrs. Bax. They all said, "How do you do?" in hushed voices, and all looked as if butter would not melt in any of their young mouths. I never saw a more soothing-looking lot of kids.

She went to her room and we did not see her again till tea-time.

Then, still exquisitely brushed and combed, we sat around the board in silence. We had left the tea-tray place for Mrs. Bax, of course. But she said to Dora:

"Wouldn't you like to pour out?"

And Dora replied in low, soft tones, "If you wish me to, Mrs. Bax. I usually do." And she did.

We passed each other bread and butter and jam and honey with silent courteousness, and of course we saw that she had enough to eat.

"Do you manage to amuse yourselves pretty well here?" she asked presently.

We said, "Yes, thank you," in hushed tones.

"What do you do?" she asked.

We did not wish to excite her by telling her what we did, so Dickie murmured:

"Nothing in particular;" and Alice said:

"All sorts of things."

"Tell me about them," said Mrs. Bax invitingly.

We replied by a deep silence. She sighed and passed her cup for more tea.

"Do you ever feel shy?" she asked suddenly. "I do, dreadfully, with new people."

We liked her for saying that, and Alice replied that she hoped she would not feel shy with us.

"I hope not," she said. "Do you know there was such a funny woman in the train? She had seventeen different parcels, and she kept counting them, and one of them was a kitten, and it was always under the seat when she began to count, so she always got the number wrong."

We should have liked to hear about that kitten, especially what color it was and how old, but Oswald felt that Mrs. Bax was only trying to talk for our sakes, so that we shouldn't feel shy, so he simply said: "Will you have some more cake?" and nothing more was said about the kitten.

Mrs. Bax seemed very noble. She kept trying to talk to us about Pincher, and trains, and Australia, but we were determined she should be quiet, as she wished it so much, and we restrained our brimming curiosity about opossums up gum trees, and about emus and kangaroos and wattles, and only said "Yes" or "No," or, more often, nothing at all.

When tea was over we melted away, "like snow-wreaths in Thawjean," and went out on the beach and had a yelling match. Our throats felt as though they were full of wool, from the hushed tones we had used in talking to Mrs. Bax. Oswald won the match.

Next day we kept carefully out of the way except for meals. Mrs. Bax tried talking again at breakfast-time, but we checked our wish to listen, and passed the pepper, salt, mustard, bread, toast, butter, marmalade, and even the cayenne, vinegar and oil with such politeness that she gave up.

We took it in turn to watch the house and drive away the organ-grinders. We told them they must not play in front of that house because there was an Australian lady who had to be kept quiet. And they went at once. This cost us sixpence, because an organ-grinder will not fly the spot under twopence a flight.

We went to bed early. We were quite weary with being so calm and still. But we knew it was our duty, and we liked the feel of having done it.

The day after was the day Jake Lee got hurt. Jake is the man who drives about the country in a covered cart, with pins and needles and combs and frying-pans, and all the sort of things that farmers' wives are likely to want in a hurry and no shop for miles. I have always thought Jake's was a beautiful life. I should like to do it myself. Well, this particular day he had got his cart all ready to start and had got his foot on the wheel to get up, when a motor-car went by puffing and hooting. I always think motor-cars seem so rude, somehow. And the horse was frightened, and no wonder. It shied, and poor Jake was thrown violently to the ground, and hurt so much that they had to send for the doctor. Of course we went and asked Mrs. Jake if we could do anything, such as take the cart out and sell the things to the farmers' wives.

But she thought not.

It was after this that Dickie said:

"Why shouldn't we get things of our own and go and sell them—with Bates' donkey?"

Oswald was thinking the same thing, but he wishes to be fair, so he owns that Dickie spoke first. We all saw at once that the idea was a good one.

"Shall we dress up for it?" H. O. asked. We thought not. It is always good sport to dress up, but I have never heard of people selling things to farmers' wives in really beautiful disguises.

"We ought to go as shabby as we can," said Alice; "but somehow that always seems to come natural to your clothes when you've done a few interesting things in them. The clothes we wore at the fire look very poor but deserving. What shall we buy to sell?"

"Pins, and needles, and tape, and bodkins," said Dora.

"Butter," said Noël; "it is terrible when there is no butter."

"Honey is nice," said H. O., "and so are sausages."

"Jake has ready-made shirts and corduroy trousers. I suppose a farmer's shirt and trousers may give at any moment," said Alice; "and if he can't get new ones he has to go to bed till they are mended."

Oswald thought tin tacks and glue and string must often be needed to mend barns and farm tools with if they broke suddenly. And Dickie said:

"I think the pictures of ladies hanging on to crosses in foaming seas are good. Jake told me he sold more of them than anything. I suppose people suddenly break the old ones, and home isn't home without a lady holding on to a cross——"

We went to Munn's shop and we bought needles, and pins, and tapes, and bodkins, a pound of butter, a pot of honey and one of marmalade, tin tacks, string and glue. But we could not get any ladies with crosses, and the shirts and trousers were too expensive for us to dare to risk it. Instead we bought a headstall for eighteenpence, because how providential we should be to a farmer whose favorite horse had escaped and he had nothing to catch it with. And three can-openers, in case of a distant farm subsisting entirely on canned things, and the only opener for miles lost down the well or something. We also bought several other thoughtful and far-sighted things.

That night at supper we told Mrs. Bax we wanted to go out for the day. She had hardly said anything that supper-time, and now she said:

"Where are you going? Teaching Sunday-school?"

As it was Monday we felt her poor brain was wandering, most likely for want of quiet. So Oswald said gently:

"No, we are not going to teach Sunday-school."

Mrs. Bax sighed. Then she said:

"I am going out myself to-morrow for the day."

"I hope it will not tire you too much," said Dora with soft voice and cautious politeness. "If you want anything bought we could do it for you with pleasure and you could have a nice, quiet day at home."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Bax shortly, and we saw she would do what she chose whether it was really for her own good or not.

She started before we did next morning and we were careful to be mouse-quiet till The Ship's fly which contained her was out of hearing. Then we had another yelling competition, and Noël won with that new shriek of his that is like a railway engine in distress; and then we went and fetched Bates' donkey and cart and packed our bales in it and started, some riding and some running behind, and Oswald and Dickie on their bikes.

Any faint, distant traces of respectableness that being firemen had left to our clothes were soon covered up by the dust of the road, and by some of the ginger beer bursting through the violence of the cart, which had no springs.

The first farm we stopped at the woman really did want some pins, for though a very stupid person, she was making a pink blouse, and we said:

"Do have some tape! You never know when you may want it."

"I believe in buttons," she said. "No strings for me, thank you."

But when Oswald said, "What about pudding-strings? You can't button up puddings as if they were pillows!" she consented to listen to reason. But it was only twopence altogether.

But at the next place the woman said we were "mummickers," and told us to "get along, do." And she set her dog at us, but when Pincher sprang from the inmost recesses of the cart she called her dog off. But too late, for it and Pincher were locked in the barking, scuffling, growling embrace of deadly combat. When we had separated the dogs she went into her house and banged the door, and we went on through the green, flat marshes, among the buttercups and Maybushes.

"I wonder what she meant by 'mummickers,'" said H. O.

"She meant she saw our high-born airs through our shabby clothes," said Alice. "It's always happening, especially to Princes. There's nothing so hard to conceal as a really high-bred air——"

"I've been thinking," said Dickie, "whether honesty wouldn't perhaps be the best policy. Not always, of course, but just this once. If people knew what we were doing it for they might be glad to help on the good work. What?"

So at the next farm, which was half hidden by trees like the picture at the beginning of Sensible Susan, we tied the donkey to the gatepost and knocked at the door. It was opened by a man this time, and Dora said to him:

"We are honest traders. We are trying to sell these things to help a lady who is poor. If you buy some you will be helping, too. Wouldn't you like to do that? It is a good work, and you will be glad of it afterward when you come to think over the acts of your life."

"Upon my wordan'onner!" said the man, whose face was red and surrounded by a frill of white whisker; "if ever I see a walkin' tract 'ere it stands!"

"She doesn't mean to be tractish," said Oswald quickly; "it's only her way. But we really are trying to sell things to help a poor person; no humbug, sir. So if we *have* got anything you want we shall be glad. And if not, well, there's no harm in asking, is there, sir?"

"WHAT ABOUT PUDDING-STRINGS? YOU CAN'T BUTTON UP PUDDINGS AS IF THEY WERE PILLOWS!"

The man with the frilly whiskers was very pleased to be called "sir"; Oswald knew he would be. And he looked at everything we'd got, and bought the headstall, and two can-openers, and the pot of marmalade, and a ball of string, and a pair of braces. This came to four and twopence, and we were very pleased. It really seemed that our business was establishing itself root and branch.

When it came to its being dinner-time, which was first noticed through H. O. beginning to cry and say he did not want to play any more, it was found that we had forgotten to bring any dinner. So we had to eat some of our stock—the jam, the biscuits and the cucumber.

"I feel a new man," said Alice, draining the last of the ginger-beer bottles. "At that homely village on the brow of yonder hill we shall sell all that remains of the stock and go home with money in both pockets."

But our luck had changed. As so often happens, our hearts beat high with hopeful thoughts, and we felt jollier than we had done all day. Merry laughter and snatches of musical song reechoed from our cart and from around it as we went up the hill. All nature was smiling and gay. There was nothing sinister in the look of the trees or the road, or anything.

Dogs are said to have inside instincts that warn them of intending perils, but Pincher was not a bit instinctive that day, somehow. He sported gayly up and down the hedge banks—after pretending rats—and once he was so excited that I believe he was playing at weasels and stoats. But, of course, there was really no trace of these savage denizens of the jungle. It was just Pincher's varied imagination.

We got to the village, and with joyful expectations we knocked at the first door we came to.

Alice had spread out a few choice treasures—needles, pins, tape, a photograph frame and the butter, rather soft by now, and the last of the can-openers, on a basket-lid, like the fishman does with herrings, and whitings, and plums, and apples. (You cannot sell fish in the country unless you sell fruit too. The author does not know why this is.)

The sun was shining, the sky was blue. There was no sign at all of the intending thunderbolt, not even when the door was opened. This was done by a woman.

She just looked at our basket-lid of things any one might have been proud to buy, and smiled. I saw her do it. Then she turned her traitorous head and called "Jim!" into the cottage.

A sleepy grunt rewarded her.

"Jim, I say," she repeated. "Come here directly this minute."

Next moment Jim appeared. He was Jim to her because she was his wife, I suppose—but to us he was the Police, with his hair ruffled, from his hateful sofa-cushions, no doubt, and his tunic unbuttoned.

"What's up?" he said in a husky voice, as if he had been dreaming that he had a cold. "Can't a chap have a minute to himself to read the paper in?"

"You told me to," said the woman; "you said if any folks come to the door with things I was to call you, whether or no."

Even now we were blind to the disaster that was entangling us in the meshes of its trap. Alice said:

"We've sold a good deal, but we've *some* things left—very nice things. These crochet needles——"

But the Police, who had buttoned up his tunic in a hurry, said quite fiercely:

"Let's have a look at your license."

"We didn't bring any," said Noel; "but if you will give us an order we'll bring you some to-morrow." He thought a "licen" was a thing to sell that we ought to have thought of.

"None of your lip," was the unexpected reply of the now plainly brutal Constable. "Where's your license, I say?"

"We have a license for our dog, but Father's got it," said Oswald, always quick-witted. But not, this time, quite quick enough.

"Your 'awker's license is what I want, as well you know, you young limb—your pedler's license, your license to sell things. You ain't 'alf so 'alf-witted as you want to make out."

"We haven't got a pedler's license," said Oswald. If we had been in a book the Police would have been touched to tears by Oswald's simple honesty. He would have said, "Noble boy!" and then gone on to say he had only asked the question to test our honor. But life is not really at all the same as books. I have noticed lots of differences. Instead of behaving like the book-Police, this shock-headed Constable said:

"Blowed if I wasn't certain of it! Well, my young blokes, you'll just come along o' me to Sir James. I've got orders to bring up the next case afore him."

"*Case*," said Dora. "Oh, *don't!* We didn't know we oughtn't to. We only wanted——"

"Ho, yes," said the Constable; "you can tell all that to the magistrate; and anything you say will be used against you."

"I'm sure it will," said Oswald. "Dora, don't lower yourself to speak to him. Come, we'll go home."

The Police was combing its hair with a half-toothless piece of comb, and we turned to go. But it was vain.

Ere any of our young and eager legs could climb into the cart the Police had seized the donkey's bridle. We could not desert our noble steed, and, besides, it wasn't really ours but Bates', and this made any hope of flight quite a forlorn one. For better, for worse, we had to go with the donkey.

"Don't cry, for goodness' sake," said Oswald in stern undertones. "Bite your lips. Take long breaths. Don't let him see we mind. This beast's only the village Police. Sir James will be a gentleman. *He'll* understand. Don't disgrace the house of Bastable. Look here. Fall into line—no, Indian file will be best—there are so few of us. Alice, if you snivel I'll never say you ought to have been a boy again. H. O., shut your mouth. No one's going to hurt you; you're too young."

"I *am* trying!" said Alice, gasping.

"Noël," Oswald went on, now, as so often, showing the brilliant qualities of the born leader and general, "don't *you* be in a funk. Remember how Byron fought for the Greeks at Missy what's-its-name. *He* didn't grouse, and he was a poet, like you! Now look here, let's be *game*. Dora, you're

(Continued on Page 23)

A DIARY FROM DIXIE

By Mary Boykin Chesnut

Edited by Isabella D. Martin and Myrta Lockett Avary

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, December 4, 1863.—My husband bought yesterday at the commissary's one barrel of flour, one bushel of potatoes, one peck of rice, five pounds of salt beef and one peck of salt—all for sixty dollars. And that is a low price.

DECEMBER 5.—Wigfall was here last night. He began by wanting to hang Jeff Davis. My husband managed him beautifully. He soon ceased to talk virulent nonsense, and calmed down to his usual strong common-sense. I knew it was quite late, but I had no idea of the hour. My husband beckoned me out. "It is all your fault," said he. "What?" "Why will you persist in looking so interested in all Wigfall is saying? Don't let him catch your eye. Look into the fire. Did you not hear it strike two?"

This attack was so sudden, so violent, so unlooked-for, I could only laugh hysterically. However, as an obedient wife, I went back, gravely took my seat and looked into the fire. I did not even dare raise my eyes to see what my husband was doing—if he, too, looked into the fire. Wigfall soon tired of so tame an audience and took his departure.

General Lawton was here. He was one of Stonewall's generals, so I listened with all my ears when he said: "Stonewall could not sleep; so every two or three nights you were waked up by orders to have your brigade in marching order before daylight and report in person to the commander. Then you were marched a few miles out and then a few miles in again. All this was to make us ready, ever on the alert. And the end of it was this: Jackson's men would go half a day's march before Peter Longstreet waked and breakfasted. I think there is a popular delusion about the amount of praying he did. He certainly preferred a fight on Sunday to a sermon. Failing to manage a fight, he loved best a long Presbyterian sermon, Calvinistic to the core.

"He had shown small sympathy with human infirmity. He was a man of one idea. He looked upon broken-down men and stragglers as the same thing. He classed all who were weak and weary, who fainted by the wayside, as men wanting in patriotism. If a man's face was as white as cotton, and his pulse so low you scarce could feel it, he looked upon him merely as an inefficient soldier and rode off impatiently. He was the true type of all great soldiers. Like the successful warriors of the world, he did not value human life where he had an object to accomplish. He could order men to their death as a matter of course. His soldiers obeyed him to the death. Faith they had in him stronger than death. Their respect he commanded. I doubt if he had so much of their love as is talked about while he was alive. Now that they see a few more years of Stonewall would have freed them from the Yankees they deify him. Any man is proud to have been one of the famous Stonewall brigade. But be sure it was bitter hard work to keep up with him, as all know who ever served under him. He gave his orders rapidly and distinctly and rode away, never allowing answer or remonstrance. It was: 'Look there—see that place—take it!' When you failed you were apt to be put under arrest. When you reported the place taken he only said: 'Good!'"

Spent seventy-five dollars to-day for a little tea and sugar, and have five hundred left. My husband's pay never has paid for the rent of our lodgings. He came in with dreadful news just now. I have wept so often for things that never happened, I will withhold my tears now for a certainty. To-day a poor woman threw herself on her dead husband's coffin and kissed it. She was weeping bitterly. So did I in sympathy.

My husband, as I told him to-day, could see me and everything that he loved hanged, drawn and quartered without moving a muscle, if a crowd were looking on; he could have the same gentle operation performed on himself and make no sign. To all of which violent insinuation he answered in unmoved tones: "So would any civilized man. Savages, however—Indians, at least—are more dignified in that particular than we are. Noisy, fidgety grief never moves me at all; it annoys me. Self-control is what we all need. You are a miracle of sensibility; self-control is what you need." "So you are now pretty nearly civilized!" I said, "Some day I mean to be."

MRS. JAMES CHESNUT, SR.

DECEMBER 9.—"Come here, Mrs. Chesnut," said Mary Preston to-day; "they are lifting General Hood out of his carriage, here, at your door." Mrs. Grundy promptly had him borne into her drawing-room, which was on the first floor. Mary Preston and I ran down and greeted him as cheerfully and as cordially as if nothing had happened since we saw him standing before us a year ago. How he was waited upon! Some cut-up oranges were brought him. "How kind people are," said he. "Not once since I was wounded have I ever been left without fruit, hard as it is to get now." "The money value of friendship is easily counted now," said some one; "oranges are five dollars apiece."

DECEMBER 10.—My husband laid the law down last night. I felt it to be the last drop in my full cup. "No more feasting in this house," said he. "This is no time for junketing and merrymaking." "And you said you brought me here to enjoy the winter before you took me home and turned my face to a dead wall!" He is the master of the house; to hear is to obey.

DECEMBER 11.—Preston Hampton went with me to see Conny Cary. The talk was frantically literary, which Preston thought hard on him. I had just brought the St. Denis number of Les Misérables.

Sunday, Christopher Hampton walked to church with me. Coming out, General Lee was seen slowly making his way down the aisle, bowing royally to right and left. I pointed him out to Christopher Hampton, when General Lee happened to look our way. He bowed low, giving me a charming smile of recognition. I was ashamed of being so pleased. I blushed like a schoolgirl.

We went to the White House. They gave us tea. The President said he had been on the way to our house, coming, with all the Davis family, to see me, but the children became so troublesome they turned back. Just then little Joe rushed in and insisted on saying his prayers at his father's knee, then and there. He was in his night-clothes.

DECEMBER 19.—A box had come from home for me. Taking advantage of this good fortune and a full larder, have asked Mrs. Davis to dine with me. Wade Hampton sent me a basket of game. We had Mrs. Davis and Mr. and Mrs. Preston. After dinner we walked to the church to see the Freeland-Lewis wedding. Mr. Preston had Mrs. Davis on his arm. My husband and Mrs. Preston, and Burton Harrison and myself brought up the rear. After the ceremony such a kissing was there up and down the aisle! The happy bridegroom kissed wildly, and several girls complained, but he said: "How am I to know Maria's kin that I was to kiss? It is better to show too much affection for one's new relations than too little."

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1863.—Yesterday dined with the Prestons. Wore one of my handsomest Paris dresses (from Paris before the war). Three magnificent Kentucky generals were present, with Senator Orr from South Carolina, and Mr. Miles. General Buckner repeated a speech of Hood's to him to show how friendly they were. "I prefer a ride with you to the company of any woman in the world," Buckner answered. "I prefer your

Editor's Note—This is the fourth installment of these extracts from the War journal of Mrs. Chesnut, whose husband, a former Senator from South Carolina, was later an aide to Jefferson Davis and prominent in the Confederacy. The fifth installment will be published in an early number.

company to that of any man, certainly," was Hood's reply. This became the standing joke of the dinner; it flashed up in every form. Poor Sam got out of it so badly, if he got out of it at all. General Buckner said patronizingly: "Lame excuses all. Hood never gets out of any scrape—that is, unless he can fight out." Others dropped in after dinner without arms, and without legs—among them Von Borche, who cannot speak because of a wound in his throat. Isabella said: "We have all kinds now but a blind one." Poor fellows, they laugh at wounds!

We had for dinner oyster soup, besides roast mutton, ham, boned turkey, wild duck, partridge, plum pudding, Sauterne, Burgundy, sherry and Madeira. There is life in the old land yet!

JANUARY 1, 1864.—General Edward Johnston says he got Grant a place—*esprit de corps*, you know. He could not bear to see an old army man driving a wagon; that was when he found him out West, just out of the army for habitual drunkenness. He is their right man, a bull-headed Suwarrow. He doesn't care a snap if men fall like the leaves fall; he fights to win, that chap does. He is not distracted by a thousand side issues; he does not see them. He is narrow and sure—sees only in a straight line. Like Louis Napoleon, from a battle in the gutter he goes straight up. Yes, as with Lincoln, they have ceased to carp at him as a rough clown, no gentleman. You never hear now of his nasty fun; only of his wisdom. It doesn't take much soap and water to wash the hands that sway the rod of empire. They talked of Lincoln's drunkenness, too. Now, since Vicksburg they have not a word to say against Grant's habits. He has the disagreeable habit of not retreating before irresistible veterans. General Lee and Albert Sidney Johnston show blood and breeding. They are of the Bayard and Philip Sidney order of soldiers. Listen: if General Lee had had Grant's resources he would have bagged the last Yankee or have had them all safe back in Massachusetts! "You mean if he had not the weight of the negro question upon him?"

No, I mean if he had Grant's unlimited allowance of the powers of war—men, money, ammunition, arms.'

Mrs. Ould says Mrs. Lincoln found the gardener of the White House so nice she would make him a major-general. Lincoln remarked to the secretary: "Well, the little woman must have her way sometimes."

JANUARY 8.—Snow of the deepest. Nobody can come to-day, I thought. But they did! My girls, first, then Constance Cary tripped in—the clever Conny. Hetty is the beauty, so called, though she is clever enough, too; but Constance is actually clever and has a classically perfect outline. We went to the Semmes' charade party.

Senator Hill, of Georgia, took me in to supper, where were teas, chicken salad, oysters and champagne. The President came in alone, I suppose, for while we were talking after supper, and your humble servant was standing between Mrs. Randolph and Mrs. Stanard, he approached, offered me his arm, and we walked off, oblivious of Mr. Senator Hill. Remember this, ladies, and forgive me for recording it, but Mrs. Stanard and Mrs. Randolph are the handsomest women in Richmond; I am no older than they are—or younger, either, sad to say! Now, the President walked with me slowly up and down that long room, and our conversation was of the saddest. Nobody knows so well as he the difficulties which beset this hard-driven Confederacy. He has a voice which is perfectly modulated, a comfort in this loud and rough soldier world. I think there is a melancholy cadence in his voice at times, of which he is unconscious, when he talks of things as they are now.

My husband was so intensely charmed with Hetty Cary that he declined at the first call to accompany his wife home in the twenty-five-dollar-an-hour carriage. He ordered it to return. When it came, his wife (a good manager) packed the Carys and him in with her and left the other two men who came with the party, when it was divided into "trips," to make their way home in the cold. At our door, near daylight of that bitter cold morning, I had the pleasure to see my husband, like a man, stand and pay for that carriage! To-day he is pleased with himself, with me, and with all the world; says if there were no such word as "fascinating" you would have to invent one to describe Hetty Cary.

JANUARY 9.—The President's man, Jim, that he believed in as we all believe in our own servants—"our own people," as we call them—and Betsy, Mrs. Davis' maid, decamped last night. It is miraculous that they had the fortitude to resist the temptation so long. At Mrs. Davis' the hired servants all have been birds of passage. First they were seen with gold galore, and then they would flock to the Yankees, and I am sure they had nothing to tell. It is Yankee money wasted. I do not think it had ever crossed Mrs. Davis' brain that these two could leave her. She knew, however, that Betsy had eighty dollars in gold and $2400 in Confederate notes.

MULBERRY, NOW DISMANTLED AND TENANTLESS AND IN CARE OF NEGROES

JANUARY 15.—A visit from the President's handsome and accomplished secretary, Burton Harrison. I lent him Country Clergyman in Town, and Elective Affinities. He is to bring me Mrs. Norton's Lost and Saved.

At Mrs. Randolph's my husband complimented Constance Cary, who had amply earned his praise by her splendid acting. She pointed to Burton Harrison. "You see that wretch; he has not said one word to me!" My husband asked innocently: "Why should he? And why is he a wretch?" "Oh! you know!" Going home I explained this riddle to him, he is always a year behindhand in gossip. "They said those two were engaged last winter, and now there seems to be a screw loose; but that sort of thing always comes right."

JANUARY 17.—Thackeray is dead. I stumbled upon Vanity Fair for myself. I had never heard of Thackeray before. I think it was in 1850. I know I had been ill at the New York Hotel, and when left alone I slipped downstairs and into a bookstore that I had noticed under the hotel for something to read. They gave me the first half of Pendennis. I can recall now the very kind of paper it was printed on, and the illustrations, as they took effect upon me. And yet when I raved over it, and was wild for the other half, there were people who said it was slow; that Thackeray was evidently a coarse, dull, sneering writer; that he stripped human nature bare, and made it repulsive.

JANUARY 31.—To-day for a pair of forlorn shoes I have paid eighty-five dollars.

FEBRUARY 5.—At the President's reception Hood had a perfect ovation. General Preston navigated him through the crowd, handling him as tenderly, on his crutches, as if he were the Princess of Wales' new-born baby that I read of to-day. It is bad for the head of an army to be so helpless. But old Blucher went to Waterloo in a carriage, wearing a bonnet on his head to shade his inflamed eyes—a heroic figure, truly; an old, red-eyed, bonneted woman, apparently, back in a landau!

Off to the Ives' theatricals. I walked with General Breckinridge. Mrs. Clay's Mrs. Malaprop was beyond our wildest hopes. And she was in such bitter earnest when she pinched Conny Cary's Lydia Languish's shoulder and called her "an intricate little huzzy" that Lydia showed she felt it, and next day the shoulder was black and blue. It was not that the actress had a grudge against Conny, but that she was intense.

Even the back of Mrs. Clay's head was eloquent as she walked away. "But," said General Breckinridge, watching it, "he has not seen the play before, and Bob Acres amazes him." When he caught my eye General Hood nodded to me and said: "I believe that fellow Acres is a coward!" "That's better than the play," whispered Breckinridge, "but it is all good, from Sir Anthony down to Fag."

FEBRUARY 12.—In the pauses of conversation we hear: "She is the noblest woman God ever made!" "Goodness!" exclaims Isabella, "which one?" The amount of courting we hear in these small rooms! Men have to go to the front, and they say their say desperately. So many are lame. Major Venable says: "It is not 'the devil on two sticks' now; the farce is 'Cupid on crutches.'"

General Breckinridge's voice broke in: "They are my cousins. So I determined to kiss them good-by. Good by nowadays is the very devil; it means forever, in all probability, you know; all the odds against us. So I advanced to the charge soberly, discreetly and in the fear of the Lord. The girls stood in a row—four of the very prettiest I ever saw. Sam, with his eyes glued to the floor, cried: "You were afraid—you backed out." "But I did nothing of the kind. I kissed every one of them honestly, heartily."

FEBRUARY 21.—At the President's, where General Lee breakfasted, a man named Phelan told General Lee all he ought to do; planned a campaign for him. General Lee smiled blandly all the while, though he did permit himself a mild sneer at the wise civilians in Congress who refrained from trying the battlefield in person, but from afar dictated the movements of armies. My husband said that, to his amazement, General Lee came into his room at the Executive Office to "pay his respects and have a talk." "Dear me! Goodness gracious!" said I. That was a compliment from the head of the army, the very best man in the world, we Confederates think.

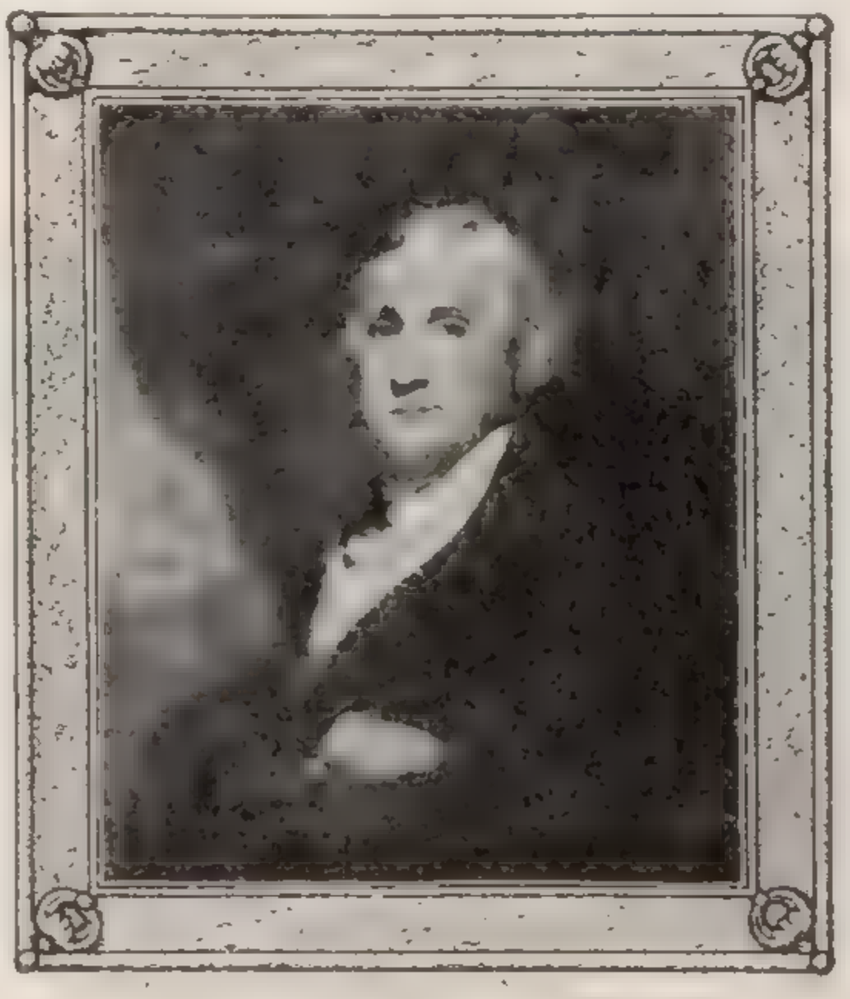
FEBRUARY 26.—We went to see Mrs. Lee. Her room was like an industrial school: everybody so busy. Her daughters were all there plying their needles, with several other ladies. Mrs. Lee showed us a beautiful sword, recently sent to the general by some Marylanders, now in Paris. On the blade was engraved, "*Aide toi! et Dieu t'aidera.*" When we came out some one said: "Did you see how the Lees spend their time? What a rebuke to the taffy parties!"

MARCH 3.—Hetty, the handsome, and Constance, the witty, came, the former too prudish to read Lost and Saved, by Mrs. Norton, after she had heard the plot. Conny was making a bonnet for me. Just as she was leaving the house, her friendly labors over, my husband entered and quickly ordered his horse. "It is so near dinner," I began. "But I am going with the President. I am on duty. He goes to inspect the fortifications. The enemy, once more, are within a few miles of Richmond." Then we prepared a luncheon for him.

I sat down to Romola, and I was soon [illegible]. How hardened we grow to war and war's alarms! The enemy's cannon or our own are thundering in my ears, and I was dreadfully afraid some infatuated and frightened friend would come in to cheer, to comfort and interrupt me. Am I the same poor soul who fell on her knees and prayed and wept and fainted as the first gun boomed from Fort Sumter? Once more we have repulsed the enemy. But it is humiliating, indeed, that he can come and threaten us at our very gates whenever he so pleases. If a forlorn negro had not led them astray (and they hanged him for it) on Tuesday night, unmolested they would have walked into Richmond. Surely there is horrid mismanagement somewhere.

MARCH 6.—Shopping, and paid thirty dollars for a pair of gloves; fifty dollars for a pair of slippers; twenty-four dollars for six spools of thread, thirty-two dollars for five miserable, shabby, little pocket handkerchiefs. When I came home found Mrs. Webb. At her hospital there was a man who had been taken prisoner by Dahlgren's party. He saw the negro hanged who had misled them, unintentionally, in all probability. He saw Dahlgren give a part of his bridle to hang him. Details are melancholy, as Emerson says. This Dahlgren had also lost a leg.

(Concluded on Page 22)



CAPTAIN JOHN CHESNUT OF THE REVOLUTION
GRANDFATHER OF GENERAL CHESNUT

Five-Dog Limit at 65° N.

The Story of a North Pole Freeze Out

"AND WE WERE IN OUR OWN SIGHT AS GRASSHOPPERS"

By Hugh Pendexter

I HAD been reviewing the most dramatic situations in literature and had decided that the finding of Friday's footprint by Crusoe easily overtopped the more modern inventions, when Billy Campbell, the strolling actor declared: "It was a pretty climax and full of heart interest, but I've seen the desert-isle act discounted by a little incident in real life."

"Go on," I begged, as he stopped to press down his tobacco and re-light.

"'So you beg for a story, my darlings!' Well, I saw Robinson Crusoe's emotions distanced when Tiberius Smith, curiosity collector for the biggest show on earth, unearthed a deck of playing-cards up in the gray twilight of the arctic circle. What followed that discovery rounded out the situation in a most perfect and parlous manner. And it all came about from our meeting a Moravian missionary and some poor, sweltering Eskimos at the big Chicago show in '93.

"For two years Tib and I had been canvassing the globe, busily picking up here and there a cannibal, or a sacred goat, and a variety of other truck for the circus, with the management calling us down by cable and terse letters, written in red ink, for not turning in some giants. The show had one or two unusually husky specimens, but it was Mr B.'s ambition to get together a dozen bipeds who would scare the village nags when parading, without having recourse to high heeled boots and two-foot shakos. As a last hope, Tib and I went to Patagonia and tried to catch on fly-paper a few of the sprites who tried to eat Magellan and the other early press agents. We found tall men, all right, and they were great sprinters. They caught us before we could cover the first quarter, and it was with nothing left but our good names and some badly fractured collar-bones that we finally tore ourselves away and gained the coast. It was while fresh from this trying experience that we visited Chicago and poked about the villages on the Midway in search of the unusual.

"As ill luck would have it, Tib had to meet the missionary and hold speech with him. Naturally, the Moravian talked about his charges, the flat-faced, stubby fat-eaters, and it was then that the good man told us of the lost race of the Anakim, and Tib murmured to me: 'There were giants in the earth in those days.' The missionary had never met any of these big people, he said, but he believed they could be found somewhere up there in the interior of Greenland, protected from circus collectors by peculiar territorial and climatic conditions. There was a legend among the Innuits concerning this overgrown race, he informed us, and several of his freely perspiring children claimed to have met with stray specimens when penetrating the Far North.

"Tiberius' brown eyes twinkled and he was all zeal to learn more of these museum possibilities. Inside of three hours we were off to Philadelphia in search of some old sea-dogs, who prowl about in the Greenland waters every year in their cryolite-ladened barks. The missionary had told us of one man, who was an expert upon the aborigines of the polar ice-cap, and who had recently returned to civilization. On finding him Tib easily managed to make him talk, and the old salt startled us by declaring he had seen some of the Goliaths in a mining settlement near Ivigtut Bay. He pictured them as being from seven to nine feet tall, but apologized for the former and explained they probably had been improperly nurtured. He believed they celebrated Old Home Week in the burglar-proof regions of the ultimate North, and had rambled down to the southwest coast because of terribly severe storms and the sub-zero stunts of the thermometer.

"This was enough for my patron, and another day saw us in consultation with the main spring of the circus. The upshot was we took passage on a cryolite bark early in '94, bound for the frost bitten, isle-girted coast of Ivigtut. Greenland, you know, is the only spot on the map that yields cryolite in commercial quantities, and a company in the Keystone State enjoys the exclusive privilege of shipping the stuff to the Americas. We embarked on one of their boats so as not to attract attention, for there were other collectors who kept close tabs on Tib—why, Jenkins, collecting for a wild-animal show, once trailed us all through the Congo district, realizing we were after something good!

"While bounding over the billows Tib kept school and informed me we would arrive at Ivigtut at the beginning of the summer season, when the average mean temperature is 48° Fahrenheit for three months, and where the officials of the Danish Government try to eradicate homesickness by growing turnips, lettuce and very small potatoes, mainly under glass. By the time we began to be annoyed by the waters of Davis Strait I was so crammed full of arctic lore that I had to step softly so as not to jolt any vital facts out of my system. That was Tib's way; he never went into a strange place but what he was loaded.

At Ivigtut we presented our credentials to the agents, who sent us on to Godthaab, the capital of Danish South Greenland. Here we were shaken down for newspapers and any information that didn't date back beyond the Stone Age. But, on the whole, we were handsomely treated by those holding the reins of government over this gigantic cold-storage plant; and we quickly learned that the captain's yarn about the strange people was within the truth zone, and that some of them had spent the long winter months on the coast. Now they had retreated up the fiords into the interior, we were told, where in sheltered places the mosses and flowering plants have the nerve to come forth in the stingy sunshine. Best of all, we were supplied with some faithful Eskimos, one of whom could do rough out-of door work on the English language.

"The course we took largely evaded the ice and snow, yet we carried along a light sledge and a bunch of dogs. The Greenland canine is the best sledge animal in the world, and as ours were a cross between the native pup and the majestic Dane, we felt quite proud of our outfit. The west coast strip, you know, is free from permanent ice and snow and varies from one hundred to sixty miles in width. The Eskimos live on this ribbon of low land and avoid the interior, where the ice man could quarry from two thousand feet to a mile before reaching real soil. That's what I call ice.

"The travel was pleasant and exhilarating, and Tib was all enthusiasm. 'If I can pinch a bevy of these sightly wags I shall form them into a brass band, my child. Only think of the effect down in Utica!' he remarked one night when we were near the interior limit of the coast strip and were lying in our tent, smoking.

Our henchmen were a mild-mannered people, entirely unfit for railroad work because of their penchant to absorb all the fat and oil in sight. And they were abominably given to song. They kept us awake two hours, chanting sagas, all in one key. At last they let up, and we sank to rest as softly as two babes in the woods.

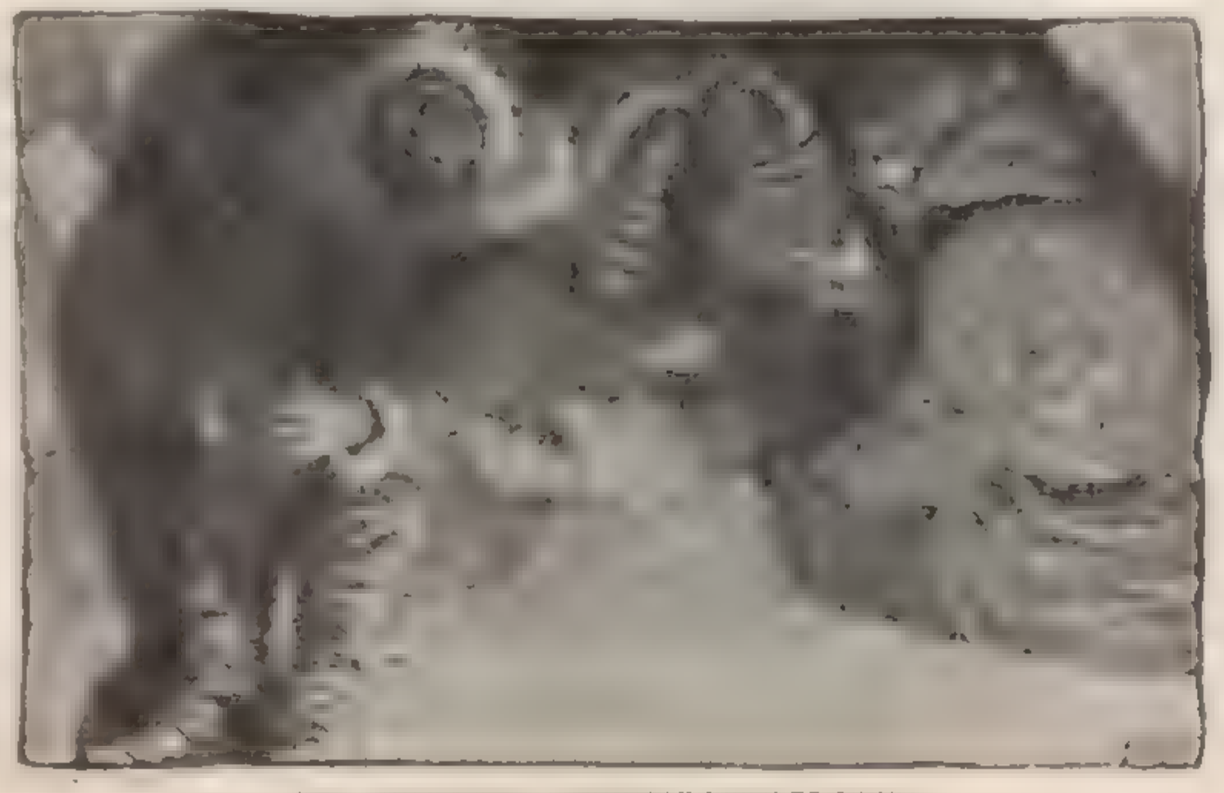
"The next thing I knew Tib was digging his honest knuckles into my sides and murmuring: 'And there we saw the giants, the sons of Anak; and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers.'

I awoke to behold the sun—and then about a score of the biggest men I ever saw. I thought at first I must be romancing in some spectacular dream. As I lay on my skin couch they looked to be between eight and nine feet tall, while the leader was equal to three of the Broadway squad spliced together. In color and build they resembled our North American Indians, and were armed with whalebone bows and ivory-tipped spears of unnecessary length. After having feasted our eyes on the amiable, squat faces of the Innuits, they looked awfully fierce and unwholesome.

"'It's not a dream! We've found 'em!' I cried, staggering to my feet.

"'It's no dream,' groaned Tib 'only they've found us. I wish, Billy, you were snugly eating ice cream in the States.'

"One glance revealed the situation. All of our Innuits, except the brave-hearted and badly-scared interpreter, had scented trouble in the night, and for fear of hurting our feelings had silently indulged in



"AND THEY WERE ABOMINABLY GIVEN TO SONG"

castiff flight. The sons of Anak had evidently given no pursuit, being content with their two souvenirs from the States.

"Tib then regained his nerve, and straightening up his rotund form asked Emma, the interpreter, if he was heavy enough to flirt with the strangers' patois. We called him Emma as it was impossible to climb over the bristling hedge of consonants in his real name. He shivered and said he could nibble away at the edges and complete the job by the sign language, as he had met several of them on the coast.

"'Tell 'em,' commanded Tib stoutly, 'that I have come to take some of them home with me, but that they shall all be returned here in good condition, and that I will give each man who goes with me a whale.'

"Emma drew in a long breath and tried to break into their lingo. I noticed he eschewed the polysynthetic gab of his own tribe and rippled along with a flow of velvet vowels that sounded like a subway construction gang during the noon hour.

"Then for the first time the tallest step ladder gave a hearty 'Wow!' and [illegible] a rapid fire back. I felt chilly as I saw the sweat stream from Emma's face and heard him give a few mournful hoots, indicative of great sorrow.

"'Will they come, Em?' asked Tiberius eagerly.

'No come,' groaned Emma. 'Say white men be killed to Black Dog Shaman.'

"'Kindly 'phone me what that all means,' I begged.

"'It means, my boy,' explained Tib sadly, 'that these uncouth gentlemen contemplate offering us up as a tribal sacrifice to their head deity, the Black Dog. I guess they think our demise will propitiate Mr. Dog and stave off another severe winter. Tell 'em, Emma, that the Black Dog does not want the Snow Men to be harmed and will be very angry if they are.'

"The answer, as finally translated by Tib to me, was to the effect that we were magnificent liars and not on to the real disposition of Mr. Dog. The ignoramuses contended that we must pass out in order to placate their deity, and were very much displeased because we did not look upon our part in the humane ceremony with more fervor. While Tib was trying to toss back a fitting Roland for this amiable Oliver the ring broke up and we were hurried along toward the east. We marched rapidly all that day, the interpreter cheering us on the way with a dirge which we were given to understand was his swan song. At night we joined another horde of the sky scrapers under another chief and passed the long, dark hours unbound, but carefully guarded by a [illegible] of hungry-looking dogs. I never saw so many dogs in one family before, and I began to appreciate that the canine was a great institution among these embryo policemen.

"It was the second morning after our capture that Tib and I discovered that which surprised us more than the finding of the giants themselves. For after our captor and the new chief had conversed for a few minutes, and Tib had wanted to bet neither understood what the other was saying, they sat down on some skin art squares near us, and our Simon Legree produced a dirty deck of playing-cards. I thought Tib's eyes would pop out of his head. I wouldn't have been more surprised if the chief had yanked out a grand piano.

"'Playing cards!' gasped Tib. 'The idea of these untutored children knowing anything about our great institution! Why, Billy, it shows some white man has been here among 'em and remained alive long enough to teach 'em a few of our home pastimes. I wonder if he was offered up to the Black Dog! What are they playing — whist?

"Tib, you know, had no use for sports, and I had never known him to tease Fortuna with coin. He always said he was too busy earning money to find time to throw it away to a greater knave than himself.

"'They deal five apiece,' I informed him. 'I think — by Heavens, it's so! They are playing poker!'

"And hang me, sir, if they weren't! There they sat, two enormous, copper-colored, tin-horn sports, discarding and drawing with the utmost celerity, and punctuating their luck with a few 'wahs!' They evidently had established a standard of values, as bows and spears and skins and pieces of driftwood were quickly put up and changed hands without any confusion.

"'Mr. Goliath, of Gath, is evidently playing in hard luck,' observed Tib with snapping eyes, as our captor lost a big pot on three jacks held cold.

"'Glad of it!' I cried. 'I hope he gets maced for every barbed arrow in his quiver. Serve him plaguey right.'

"'I don't know,' mused Tib, following the play keenly, 'the other Eiffel Tower strikes me as being, if anything, even more reprehensible of feature. That scar on his left cheek makes him look hungry.

"I, too, noted this. The chief of our tribe was now down to his dogs and captives, and it was evidently a struggle for him to decide which he would hazard. But the dog means life to the snow people, and with a grunt, intended for a sigh, he sullenly motioned for me to step on the carpet.

"'Great Scott! He's betting you, Billy!' cried Tib. 'Why, this will never do! We mustn't be separated, for I'd be ashamed to go back without you. And alone up here you'd be as helpless as an eider duck in Central Park!'

"I wrung his hand, but felt encouraged. I was elated to observe he had decided to postpone dying, and hope surged through my frost-lined veins as he gave evidence of returning to his old masterful self. For, even as I was wagered, I believed his *savoir faire* would yank us both back to the friendly coast, once he got to working.

"THE INTERPRETER CHEERING US ON THE WAY WITH A DIRGE"

"The visiting chief tossed a few skins and a spear beside me.

"'Looks kind of bad for our boys now,' I observed sorrowfully.

"'You're worth more than that, Billy!' cried Tib, drawing near in his excitement. 'It's a shame to sacrifice a man that way. Make the old miser at least approach your value. Make him throw in another spear!'

"But I brought no more, and, to Tib's dismay, I changed owners on a pair of tens.

"'Of all the senile monstrosities!' he roared. 'Why, my child in a gilded cage, I haven't played poker since I was young and foolish, but I'd know more than that. Tell me, what will a flush take?'

"I was ashamed to show any deep knowledge of the game, as Tib had always kept me pretty straight, but I told him and with a low heart stumbled back of my new master.

"'And this idiot here!' continued Tib, forgetting himself in his disgust and tapping his owner on the head, 'has thrown you away. He let slide a chance of making a flush in order to draw to a measly pair!'

"Mr. Goliath gave a howl at Tib's presumption and raised a spear. But Tib was mad clear through, and shaking his dimpled fist in the other's face he pointed accusingly at the lone pair and then quickly showed him from the discard how he would have made a heart flush if he'd been bright. 'And you call that poker, you old pirate!' hissed Tib, snapping his fingers beneath his disgruntled master's long nose.

"I firmly believed the irate gamester was about to sacrifice the old fellow right then and there with very little ceremony, but — Lord bless you, sir! He knew he had played rotten poker, and dropping his spear he began to talk down deep in his throat and make exonerating gestures. But Tib was obdurate, and, eying him scornfully, flapped the damnatory pair of spots before his sullen face, while he informed him he couldn't play mumble peg with a blind man. I tell you, sir, his rage was sublime. It heartened me wonderfully, and I began to think that life among the lowly wasn't so tough, after all.

"Then he caused my heart to leave its accustomed place and to wander up into my throat by giving the chief a shove with his boot and motioning him to quit the rug. The chief scowled and said something which I am sure wouldn't look well if printed in his home paper, and hesitated between leaving the game and scalping Tib. But my patron was fully alive now and confident. 'Steal away, you imbecile,' he ordered fiercely, and the voter from Gath, probably realizing that he would lose all to his guest if he continued playing, rolled off the rug with a grunt of rage.

"'I didn't know you gambled, Tib?' I gasped.

'The dear old chap's face actually blushed as he met my limpid gaze, and he defended: 'Never have since I was very young. Don't think I'm backsliding, Billy. I hate to do it, but it's the only show we have. But mind you, my lad, when once we're safely back at the Suet Pudding Club, don't you dare to tell the gang I have been cutting up here in these snowy wastes. I feel ashamed, as I've always tried to keep you from it, but I can't bear to see even a game of chance abused.'

"The idea of his apologizing to me for trying to save our two hides! 'Play for all you are worth, Tib,' I begged. 'Don't hesitate to hocus pocus. If you see a card you banker for, no matter where in the deck it is ensconced, just pluck it out for my sake.'

"'I'd rather win fair, Billy,' he remonstrated. 'I wouldn't cheat to save myself, but I may if it will pull you on this side of the table.'

"'Don't hesitate,' I implored, for I knew he could do more parlor magic with the cards than most professionals. 'My giant has been palming cards right along. He took the last trick with a jiu jitsu hold.'

"'What?' gasped Tib. 'Can't even play a gentleman's game!' And he riffled the pasteboards in a manner that caused his owner to pat himself and eject a few gutturals of admiration. Probably the arctic circle never before saw such grace as was contained in Tib's famous Chinese riffle.

"Then we met with an obstacle that seemed insurmountable. Tib had no chips. His host had lost everything but his personal weapons and his dogs. Tib motioned for the latter, but Goliath slipped his face into a frown and shook his head. Tib insisted, and in a seductive pantomime represented all of the bow-wows in the fiord as ultimately crossing the rug to the home side. My owner then chipped in and expressed a willingness to put up his canines in turn. I think he was a bit afraid of Tib, but he was an inveterate gambler and evidently believed the luck was with him. Reluctantly, Tib's owner gave way, and it was agreed between the chiefs, and in sign language on Tib's part, that one big dog was equal to five pups, and that five dogs should be the limit. With this understanding they began to draw cards.

"They made me move to one side so that I could not read my boss' hand, and then Tib let the first pot go without making a bet, thereby losing his ante of two puppies. My master smiled hideously and the other monolith gave a howl of anger and held his spear against Tib's neck.

"'I guess I'd better take the next pot,' remarked Tib, as he picked up the cards and passed them to his opponent to deal.

"In doing this he displayed for a few seconds three greasy kings near the top of the deck.

"'Oh, why weren't you more careful?' I groaned. 'He's palmed them!'

"'He thinks he has,' grinned Tib, looking up at me in his old care-free way, and winking one brown eye slowly.

"My man skillfully got rid of his extra cards and without looking at his hand bet a pup. Tib calmly pushed over a dog, drew down five babies in change and went him two little ones better. The chief, confident of winning, smiled grimly and seemed to hesitate, and then, as a coaxer, raised the bet three pups! Tib quickly came back the limit, five dogs.

"The chief began to go careful now, and slyly peeped at his two-card draw. He had caught a pair of deuces, and feeling sure of victory he tossed back the limit.

(Concluded on Page 80)

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What's Wrong With the Schools?

WE HAVE about 27,000,000 children and youths of school age. There is an average daily attendance at the public and private schools of about 12,000,000 and an enrollment at the colleges and academies of less than 300,000. Again, with 11,000,000 youths of academy and college age, we have in attendance upon the institutions of higher education less than 300,000, of whom less than 175,000 are in colleges and universities

Of course, the attendance would probably be much larger if the instruction at our higher institutions, both as to matter and as to method, were not of such a nature that it is an open question, to say the least of it, whether the young men and women students do not give a great deal of valuable time in exchange for very little that is of use. Yet the central truth remains—we are not doing anything like what we should do to make the oncoming generations successful at doing the things which we, in our ignorance, have done so bunglingly or have left altogether undone.

Less than half the children of school age at school! Less than three per cent. of our youths at college! What is the matter with the parents? What is the matter with the schools and colleges?

The One-Man Idea in Big Work

WE ARE traveling so rapidly from the old standards that it makes the head swim to see how far we have gone. Here is Minnesota about to abolish the grand jury, a sacred institution that has been the prop and pride of Anglo-Saxon civilization since history began. The people voted for the change by a majority of 121,000, and the State Legislature will carry it into effect. Already other States are considering the wisdom of following Minnesota's example. Cutting loose from antiquity is the way it is expressed

What does it mean? Simply the conviction that it will be better to intrust the work to one man who will give to it the direction and attention which a jury, by the divisions and confusions of numbers, too often misses. It is the belief that the one man working in one thing is better than many men dabbling at it. There is, also, the tendency of the grand jury to play politics, to let out its secrets, and to dine too well when it ought to be investigating. It is an illustration of the modern idea that many men do not make as much progress as one man.

Only the other day centralization was a burning issue in national politics. Now it is the national policy. Stockholders once held regular meetings and ordered the officers to follow certain lines. Now the stockholders send their proxies to the officers for the formal ratification of their plans at an annual meeting held merely to observe the letter of the law; the autocrats at the head of even the greatest corporations exercise a supremacy beyond that of the average king

A popular poet wrote an immortal line about the individual withering He did not, in his vision, see the development of modern business, which gives the individual a power never before known in the world's history. It is this growth of confidence and authority which makes the exceptional man of the day a sensational figure in affairs—which pays him a salary of tens or hundreds of thousands of dollars and places in his hands the destinies of an empire

In the one-man class there is either great success or quick failure There is no compromise and there is no mercy. The man does or he doesn't—the world is in too much of a hurry to wait for him to try again when it has another to put in his place. And there is always another ready

A Good Time Coming

IN ALMOST every big department store nowadays there is an exhibit of cooking by electricity. No dirt, no ashes, no dust, no superfluous heat, no fire; nothing but as high a temperature as you want in the cooking apparatus, and that only just so long as you want it

Partly because invention lags, chiefly because we have let short-sighted monopolists get control of electricity—and perhaps that's why invention is lagging—we can't afford to cook by electricity yet. But soon—for monopolies and monopolists do die—we shall be emancipated from the present superheated, dirty and crude system

What a world—from the standpoint of comfort—this is bound to become after a century or so more of the sort of progress that began only about a hundred years ago. And how much of the "good time that's coming" we might anticipate if we weren't too lazy to think and too stupid to act

Thrifty Woman

MEN do a lot of talking about the extravagance of women and their fondness for insubstantials that tempt the eye to cheat the purse. But men would have less to say on this subject if they went about among the shops more and put themselves in the way of the thousand temptations which our ingenious merchants know so well how to thrust teasingly at the women shoppers. The man, with only the temptations which beset him from show-windows on the way to and from luncheon, does silly enough things in the way of purchasing What if he were, like the woman, compelled to adventure in the very palaces of temptations hours on hours, day after day, making the necessary household purchases?

When one considers how alluring these temptations are, and how rudimentary is the education of the average American woman in the value of money and merchandise, one is amazed at her moderation. It is fortunate for us all that women are, in fact, far more thrifty, as a rule, than are men

The Basis of Civilization

ROBERT HUNTER'S plausible assertion, in his book on poverty, that there are 10,000,000 Americans on the ragged edge of want continues to cause comment and, in some quarters, agitation. It has already been noted in these columns that a very large part of this extreme poverty is among immigrants not yet "fitted in," and that another large part comes under the head of incurable—the poor who are so through one or more of the four great causes of poverty—ignorance, intemperance, incompetence and inertia

Further, over against the evils which come from privation must be set the evils which come from superfluity. It is no mere theory that poverty is more likely to produce useful members of the next generation than is prosperity, and extreme poverty is more favorable than extreme prosperity. And while it is sad and deplorable that any considerable number of us should want, it is not so sad, not so deplorable or so menacing as the fact that so very many Americans are now being brought up in the most enervating luxury and with ideals which centre about the means of continuing that luxury.

Property may be the basis of civilization; but unless property rests upon character, the loftier the civilization the shakier and the tottener it is

Half-Won Battles of Politics

GOVERNOR JOSEPH W. FOLK, of Missouri, took hold of his office with an inaugural address that caught the ear of the country. His remedy for corruption was aggressive honesty. "Partisanship is a good thing sometimes, but patriotism is a better thing all the time," he said. "You cannot help your party by injuring the public," he declared again

This is sound political gospel. Folk's success at the polls was an illustration of its practical working He won his popular strength by aggressive honesty. The issue raised in the State campaign led to the quite unprecedented result of a big majority for a Republican President and a big majority for a Democratic Governor—both men of the new type in American affairs.

But Folk's experience is also an illustration of another phase of American politics which does not excite joy. The voters stood by him nobly so far as he was personally concerned, but neglected to give him the right sort of a legislature. It is an old trick of corruption to give reform half a loaf and then try to steal it back. The voters do not consciously enter into the conspiracy, they simply fail to perform their whole duty, and in this partial use of the ballot the rascals manage to save something from every wreck which an honest man like Folk may have brought upon their plans.

It is always sad to have a thing half done when it could have been completed with ease; and yet Fate may have decided to give Folk more hard work to do. If he can whip a reluctant legislature into honest habits he will perform a new wonder, the light of which may blaze toward the White House. It is at least gratifying to see that he has cracked his whip as if he meant business, and the power of an honest, outspoken man in executive office ought to be equal to the pull of several scores of grafters.

To the citizens whose ballots must be the real instruments of reform the Folk case is another lesson; if they really want reform they must put behind reform leaders reform soldiers, and not the political riff-raff who make the boodling State Legislature a pitiful parody on free government.

Master and Man

RECENT developments are causing the earnest inquiry: Of the ninety members of what Mr Stevenson, of Illinois, once called, without sarcastic intent, "the most august deliberative body in the world," just how many sit in the public interest?

Some, we know, sit for sundry powerful railroad magnates, others for powerful industrial kings, others for the exploitation of land and mining steals, others for whatever their votes will bring in such "business" emergencies as may arise Again, many sit for "the party." But who sit for the people?

The people of each State can readily answer this question for themselves. Let them look at their two Senators and ask: "Do those men owe their offices to us? And, if they don't behave, do they know that we will depose them?" If the answer to each of these questions is a negative the people may be sure that these Senators are not theirs.

The servant obeys the master who can bounce him.

Manufacturing Rogues

"YES, we did violate the law," said a railway man who was cornered the other day. "Our competitors were doing it, and we had to do it or go out of business."

If a man were squarely faced with the choice between doing an unjust act and financial ruin the morality in the dilemma would be clear, though not easy. But when an official, in charge of the property of others, has to choose between being only as unjust and defiant of law as other officials of his own kind and letting the property of which he is trustee for others go to ruin—the matter is not so easy, is it? And if, further, the lawless act which will save that property is one which the officers of the law habitually refuse to punish, even if attempts are made to force them to do so—what then?

The worst evil in the non-enforcement of law is that it tempts honest men to become scoundrels by forcing them daily and hourly to choose between "doing as everybody else does" and ruin. And there you have the most poisonous thing about the monopolistic trust; for it is the arch-tempter of men in responsible positions, public, semi-public and private.

A Forced Millennium

THE Single-Taxers have been celebrating the twenty-fifth year of the publication of Henry George's Progress and Poverty. As the book was a good, sincere work, and as Henry George was a good, sincere man, these celebrations are creditable to all concerned. Every man who thinks he has found a way to make the journey lighter deserves, if not a respectful hearing, at least an opportunity to be heard. We can't listen to them all; we can't even spare the time to listen to all that any one would say did he get us firmly by the ear. But, after a man has made his family and his neighbors and all within his circle of direct influence feel that they are better and happier for having known him, he should by all means spread out, and love and serve the whole world

But no matter how clever his plan for forcing the millennium may be it will hardly succeed unless it somehow includes a re-creation of the human animal. "Man is an animal"—there's the rock on which all vast reform schemes come to grief

All universal questions are personal. They begin and end in personal character. Progress and poverty are, first of all, local issues—"local" to every man and every woman

ROSE OF THE WORLD

By Agnes and Egerton Castle

Authors of The Secret Orchard, The Bath Comedy, The Star Dreamer, Incomparable Bellairs, etc.

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CHAPTER XXXIX

BETHUNE went off in the cart at the best speed of Aspasia's pony, carrying a second telegram, more weighty than that concerning M. Châtelard's luggage. This was a summons for a London specialist.

Although unaware that the Frenchman had a world-wide reputation for such cases, English, with his habit of quick judgment, had decided to trust the proffered skill; but, in the course of their conversation, he had tentatively touched upon the advantage of a consultation, and the suggestion was accepted, with so much alacrity, indeed, that a more livid pallor spread over the husband's countenance.

M. Châtelard saw the impression he had unwittingly produced. With fat forefinger thrown out in emphasis, he promptly endeavored to remove it.

"In cases of obscure diagnosis, two heads are always better than one," said he kindly. "Yet your great Farrar will, I have no doubt—so much confidence have I in myself, my dear sir—merely confirm my treatment—a treatment, in parenthesis, purely negative. Paradoxical, yet true, sir, the slower our fair patient recovers the better."

To himself, as he sat down to his coffee, the genial physician remarked complacently that it would be *du dernier intérêt* to see *ce fameux Farrar* at work.

M. Châtelard was entirely satisfied with the situation, as far as it concerned himself. He kept Harry English at his elbow, and, while enjoying the excellent fare *(les émotions, ça creuse!)* discoursed learnedly upon the brain, that terrible and fragile organism which he had made his own especial study. His insatiable curiosity the while was anticipating with gusto the moment when it could gratify itself upon the enigmatic personality of his new-found host.

Fate played into his hand; for, ere he could insinuate the first leading question, there entered upon them Sir Arthur. M. Châtelard was forthwith made witness to a scene between the "two husbands" which was to give him all the information he desired.

There they stood opposite each other—the old and the young; the most complete contrast, perhaps, that it was possible to imagine. Harry English, erect, square-shouldered, extraordinarily quiet, with head held high and pendent arms, in an attitude not unlike that of the soldier in the orderly-room, the Oriental composure of his countenance occasionally contradicted by a flash of the eye and a twist of the lip. Sir Arthur, swinging between bluster and authority, both futile, painfully conscious of a hopelessly ungraceful position. It is only the young that the stress of passion becomes. When a man is past the prime of life every emotion that shakes him from the dignified self-control of his years betrays him on to senility.

"Here, then, do we behold his Excellency as he is," thought the judicial looker-on. "Without toilet, without what milady Aspasia so brutally calls 'grooming'; without the support of a commanding position—here stands the natural man. And he is an old man, impotently angry—a sorry spectacle; while the rival—ah, *belle jeunesse!*"

To the elderly Frenchman Harry English, still in the thirties, was to be reckoned among the youthful. Sir Arthur began the interview by a renewal of his last night's threat of the police. Harry English smiled, and the smile instantly worked havoc upon the Governor's assumption of confident authority. Rage broke forth.

"Look at him, Châtelard! There's a pretty fellow to call himself an Englishman. Look at the color of his skin! Look at his hair! Look at his teeth!" he yelled. "The trick's been done before, sir! The wily servant, with his thieving knowledge of family secrets, playing the part of his dead master. This is a new Tichborne case, and the baboo Muhammed will find what comes of such tricks."

"Muhammed!" interrupted M. Châtelard, rising from his seat. "Muhammed! *dites-vous? Ma parole!*"

His fingers flew up to steady his spectacles; his shrewd eyes fixed themselves upon English with a gaze in which admiration contended with amazement.

Muhammed! . . . Ah, what a wonderful disguise! Even now I hardly recognize, save, indeed, that he has worn a beard recently, as is revealed by that pallid chin and throat—I protest I do not even recognize Muhammed now in Captain English. No wonder," thought the Frenchman in a rapid parenthesis, "that we French were as children in India compared to these English. English he remains," he chuckled, playing on the name, "and yet to suit his purpose, he can assimilate himself to the black devil."

"Ha, we've had a Tichborne case!" repeated Sir Arthur.

The silent man opposite looked at him, still silent, still smiling, but into his eyes there crept a shade of pity. There was, indeed, something pitiable in this pomposity so fallen, in this tyranny so powerless—in Sir Arthur, brandishing his [illegible] of defiance, standing the while in all the nakedness of his [illegible].

THEY STOOD OPPOSITE EACH OTHER—THE OLD AND THE YOUNG

"You are witness, Châtelard," he was insisting.

M. Châtelard, pinching the wire of his glasses, lifted his gaze to inspect the portrait which hung in the panel over the mantelpiece, then brought it solemnly back to Harry English's countenance. He turned and spoke, not without enjoying the consciousness of the weight of his own adverse verdict. Expect no bowels of mercy from one whose life work is the study of other people's brains.

"Alas! my excellent Sir Gerardine, I fear there above hangs a witness with a testimony more emphatic than ever mine could be."

Sir Arthur rolled his bloodshot eye toward the picture—another of those internal daubs! From the first instant he had set eyes on them, all over the place, he had thought it in bad taste—in confoundedly bad taste. Last night, in the bedroom, the sight of one of them had put him off his balance altogether. But he had been, then, in a nervous state. He knew better now.

"Ah!" He tried to laugh, but his mouth twitched down at the corners with a childish tremble. "If every black-haired man is going to claim to be my wife's first husband—"

But everything was against Sir Arthur this morning. Who knows how far he might have gone in convincing the inconvenient English that he could not possibly be himself, if that objectionable person, Bethune—it was most reprehensible of Rosamond to have received the fellow in her husband's absence—had not marched in upon them.

The Major of Guides stood a second with beetling brows, measuring the situation. Then, without a word, he strode across the room and took up his post beside his comrade, so close that their shoulders touched. It was mute testimony, but more convincing than spoken phrase.

M. Châtelard experienced one of those spasms of satisfaction which the discovery of some fresh trait characteristic of the race under his microscope never failed to cause him.

Those two silent ones, with what force they imposed themselves! "*Voilà bien, l'Angleterre—sa morgue, son arrogance!*" She steps in—her mere presence is enough. She disdains argument; she stands passive, massive; she smiles—she remains. As for my poor Sir Gerardine, he represents here the enemy. Ah, *sapristi*, it is not astonishing if it makes him enraged."

Sir Arthur, in truth, turned to an apoplectic purple, stammered wildly, shook his balled hand—the telling retort failed him. Upon this, at last, Captain English spoke.

"Sir Arthur," said he, "believe me, you will, in due time, be furnished with every proof of my identity that you can desire to see. Meanwhile, you will be wise if you accept the evidence of"—he paused, and there was a subtle alteration in the clear, steady voice—"the evidence of all that has occurred this night, of my friend here, Major Bethune, and of the old servant of my house."

Sir Arthur turned sharply and met the vindictive stare of Bethune's pale eyes.

"I have recognized my friend, Captain English," said Bethune with harsh decision.

Sir Arthur's glance went quickly from one to the other. It was typical of the man that, for the moment, the secondary irritation of having a pair of twopenny-halfpenny Indian officers browbeating him—browbeating him, [illegible] the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province—for the moment almost outweighed that fact that his own huge personal tragedy was being irremediably established.

"You are a witness, are you?" he snarled.

Bethune nodded.

"Then," cried Sir Arthur, springing to his feet and thumping the table so that the china rattled, "you are a witness, sir, to as peculiar a business as I think has ever been heard of in his Majesty's service! Captain English, I think—since it is agreed that this man Captain English—will find some little difficulty in explaining his proceedings all these years."

"You have heard of people being held prisoners," said English quietly.

"Yes," screamed Sir Arthur, "but what about this disguise—this Muhammed business?"

"I don't expect you to understand my reasons," pursued the other in the same manner; while, beside him, Bethune kept his taciturn watch. "But you have, I recognize, the right to be told of them. I had to find out if my wife was happy."

"You had to find out if ——" Sir Arthur, pouncing upon the new suggestion, to lay bare its folly, was suddenly arrested midway by a glimmer of the other's meaning and its extraordinary bearing upon himself.

"If you wish, I shall put the matter clearer," said the first [illegible] I had to find out if your wife was happy [illegible].

A vision rose before Sir Arthur—his wife, the wife of Sir Arthur Gerardine, the wife of the Lieutenant-Governor, her Excellency, Lady Gerardine, queen of her world, flashing in the glory of his diamonds and emeralds, treading palace rooms, herself the centre of a court—his wife, petted, adulated, envied, the object of his chivalrous attention, of his lavish indulgence, his constant solicitude—not happy! He broke into boisterous laughter.

"Not happy! For that was your conclusion, I suppose?"

Still laughing, he flung a glance at M. Châtelard—eloquent. "Did you ever hear such an absurdity in your life?" it said in all languages.

M. Châtelard unaccountably dropped his eyes before that triumphant appeal, and a dry cough of unwonted embarrassment escaped him. Sir Arthur's mirth changed from its first genuine note of sarcastic fury to something that rang hollow and forced. Abruptly withdrawing his eyes from the unresponsive Frenchman, he caught sight of his own countenance reflected, in all the cruel morning light, by a mirror that hung between the two windows. He stood staring. For a second he could not recognize himself—an unkempt old man, with yellow, trembling cheeks and vacant mouth.

In such moments the body works unconsciously. Had Sir Arthur had proper control over himself, the swift look at his rival, the immediate comparison, was the last thing his vanity would have condescended to. But his treacherous eyes had done their work before self esteem could intervene. And, for once, Sir Arthur Gerardine saw.

The braced figure of Harry English, with its noble lines of still young manhood; the romantic head, refined, not aged, by suffering and endurance, the vital flame in the eye. What a contrast! Sir Arthur swayed, fell into a chair, and covered his face with his hands. Acrid tears of self pity were burning his lids. This is what they have brought me to!

Of the other three in the room, there was not one who could find a word. To see the strong suffer may be a painful yet

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inspiring sight, but there are tragedies of the weak before the sordid pity of which the mind instinctively recoils

"And you thought it honorable and gentlemanly to come into my house and eat my bread and—and spy?" said the Lieutenant-Governor, raising his head at last, turning dull orbs upon his whilom secretary

He [illegible] into Harry English's [illegible] thought Châtelard, scarcely reathing in his quiet corner of observation, here it is the old one scores at last"

I could not choose my methods, Sir Arthur"

The ancient Chippendale clock, with a sigh between its ticks, measured half a minute of heavy waiting. Then English spoke again, decisively, vigorously, stepping to the table with the air of one determined to put an end to an unbearable situation:

"Useless, all this. You shall have full evidence, as I said, in due time Meanwhile, here is a house of sorrow, and your presence in it adds grievously to its burdens

A [illegible] lit the watery depths of Sir Arthur [illegible]

"Here is a house of sorrow." He was suddenly reminded of what, in the absorption of his own misery, he had well-nigh forgotten—that the woman lay in danger of death

Were she to die now—she who had committed this inconceivable indiscretion—the situation might yet be saved. If she were to die the affair could be hushed up. He jumped to his feet

"Well, and what do you think of her state, Doctor?" cried he

The greedy glance was a revelation. The whole mind of the man was laid bare in its odious pettiness. With a dignified gesture the physician refused answer.

But the soul of Harry English leaped forth in wrath as the blade leaps from the scabbard

"Out of my house!" said he, his arm flung wide, pointing to the door. Voice, gesture, look spoke of a passion so intense that for a second Sir Arthur quailed before it as one may before an unexpected flash of lightning

He retreated hurriedly a few steps, then wheeled around, his natural combativeness reasserting itself

Your story is strange, singularly strange, Captain English," he sneered. "I shall consider it my duty to report it in proper quarters without delay. You will have to produce some better explanations there, sir, I fancy, than those which seem to satisfy a couple of silly women and an ignorant foreigner—I mean"—his old habit of courtesy tugging against the impulsiveness of his irritation—"I mean a foreigner ignorant of our customs" (M Châtelard had an indulgent smile for the correction.) "I shall report you, sir, and your accomplice there."

A withering look included the stolid Bethune in this last indictment.

"Raymond, see that he goes," said English, "that he goes at once—and [illegible]

"Ah, yes, I beg" interposed the doctor with gravity. "But it is imperative, Sir Gerardine.

English walked over to the window and began to drum on the pane. Doctor Châtelard removed his spectacles and put them into his pocket

"One is reminded of the history of the judgment of Solomon," he remarked genially as he followed Bethune to the door. "*Permettez, cher capitaine?* I return to your wife"

CHAPTER VI

"THEY'RE going!" said Bethune triumphantly. "Their fellow has patched up the motor; it will take them as far as the station at least."

Harry English, pacing the little study much after the manner of Mohammed the night before, halted abruptly.

"They ought to have gone an hour ago," he answered; and, when he looked like that, for a certainty Captain English wore no pleasant countenance. "What has he been doing?"

The relaxation of the muscles, which was Bethune's usual substitute for a smile, came over his face

"First, he's been trying to persuade Aspasia to go away with him; and secondly, he's been reproaching her for her unfilial behavior in refusing to leave us; and thirdly, he has been bestowing his avuncular curse upon her and repudiating her for ever and ever. All this naturally took some time"

A flash of pleasure swept across the other's gloom.

"So the girl sticks to us. That is right," he said. Then the frown came back

"You've warned them to be quiet, I hope, with their infernal car?"

"I've told the chauffeur if he [illegible] sound more than he can [illegible] to deal with. I made the fellow swear to wait for them half way down the avenue Lady Aspasia's a good sort, too, take her all in all—has her head screwed on the right way. She'll keep the old man in order."

English took a couple of turns again, and halted, his head bent. There were voices passing in the hall without: Sir Arthur's querulous tones, Lady Aspasia's unmistakable accents, strident even under her breath Bethune went to the window

"There they go," said he presently she's giving him her arm. By George," he went on, "she, for one, won't be anxious to dispute your identity, Harry!"

The other had sat down by the fire and was gazing into the flames after his old attitude Bethune, at the window, remained gazing upon the departure of the undesired guests. In a second or two he broke forth again:

"The motor's jibbing! Good Lord, they'll have it into the gate—now into the apple tree!" He gave a single note of mirth. "Lady Aspasia is holding down Sir Arthur by main force. Of course he wants to teach the chauffeur how to do it. But she knows better. By George," ejaculated Bethune in a prophetic burst, "she's the very woman for him! Ah, here comes Miss Aspasia, hatless, to offer her opinion. I'd give something to hear her, she does not want them back upon us, I warrant." There was a pause "They're off! Thank Heaven, they're off!" Still the man lingered by the window

Aspasia was waving her handkerchief ironically after the departing company as the car proceeded down the avenue fitfully, at a speed which (as she subsequently remarked) "would have made any self respecting cart-horse smile"

When she turned to reenter the house Bethune had the vision of her rosy face, all brightening with smiles. The interchange of mute greetings, the swift impression of her fair, light youth as she flashed by left him lost in a muse.

Harry English stirred in his chair, and, on the moment, his friend was at his side

"They're gone," repeated he, rubbing his hands

The other made no direct reply, but, stooping forward, picked up one of the fragments of paper that had escaped Bethune's hand in the morning's work of destruction.

He looked at it for a few seconds, abstractedly, and then laughed

So you were writing a life of me, old man?" said he

Bethune stood, looking as if he had been convicted of the most abject folly; and English lightly flicked the scrap into the blaze

"The life that counts is the life that no other soul can know," said he

But he had no sooner said the words than he corrected himself, and his voice took that altered note which marked any reference to his wife.

"At least," he said, "no other soul but one

Those friends, who were so much to each other, in speech communicated less than the most ordinary acquaintances. Bethune stood, in his wooden way, looking down at the armchair. Just now he had something to say, and it was difficult to him. At last, pointing to the hearth, as if he still beheld the fruit of his labor of friendship being consumed in it, he spoke awkwardly:

"It did its work, though"

English flashed an upward look, half humorous, half searching.

What did its work?"

"The—my—oh, the d——d life!"

The other man pondered over the words a little while. Then, with a smile that had something almost tender in it, he looked up at his friend again.

"I am afraid you will have to explain a little more, Ray

Bethune shifted his weight from one foot to the other. The color mounted to his face He stared down at English wistfully

"It's a bit hard to explain," he said, "yet I'd like you to know—that diary, those letters of yours I had to have them; extracts of them for the work, you see. . . . Well

Here came a pause of such length that [illegible]lish was fain to repeat:

Well?"

Then Bethune blurted it out:

"She had never read them——"

"Ah!"

"She never wanted to read them. Oh," quickly, "it's not that she didn't care."

—— Nov. 13th, 1904

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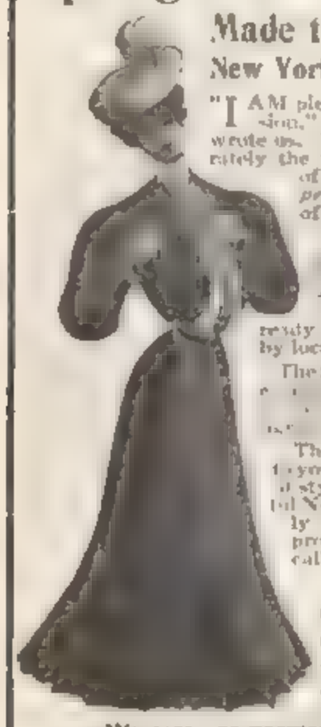

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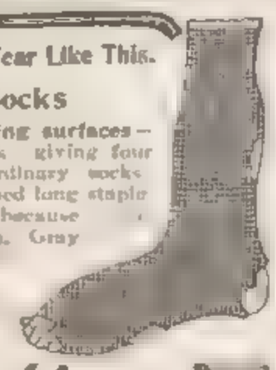

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Y[illegible]d not explain that."

English's head was bent. His voice was very quiet, but Bethune's whole being thrilled to the tumult he inarticulately felt in the other's soul. He half put out his hand to touch him, then drew it back.

"Go on with your story—with your own part of the story," said Harry.

"She did not want to read them," said Bethune. "I made her."

The husband offered no comment; and, drawing a long breath like a child, his friend went on.

"And when she read at last [illegible] could see it—it was as if her heart took [illegible]"

Still the bent head, the hands clasped over the knees, the silence. Bethune could bear it no longer, and took courage to lay that touch of timid, eager sympathy upon English's shoulder.

"Harry, I'm such a fool. I can't explain things."

"Oh, I understand," answered English then, in a deep, vibrating voice. He [illegible] suddenly and squared himself, drawing in the air in a long sigh. "Do you think I could misunderstand—her?"

Their looks met. There was a wonderful mixture of sweetness and sorrow on the face of him whom life and death had equally betrayed.

Suddenly they clasped hands again almost as they had done in the old days in the Baroghil passes. Then they stood a while without speaking, Harry English once more fixing visions in the fire, and Bethune looking at his comrade.

For most of his years he had known no deeper affection than his friendship for this man. He had mourned him with a grief which, now to think on, seemed like a single furrow across the plain field of his life; and there he stood!

"Captain, my captain. . . ." said Raymond. His rough voice trembled, and he laughed loud to conceal it. The other flashed around upon him with his rarely beautiful smile.

"Ah," said he, "it's like old times at last to hear you at your rags and tags of quotation again!"

There fell again between them the pause that to both was so eloquent.

Then, from the far distance, into their silence penetrated a faint, uncouth sound from the moorland road, the motor, carrying forever out of their lives him who had had so much power upon them, and was now so futile a figure, seemed to raise a last impotent hoot.

Sir Arthur Gerardine was gone. Raymond rubbed his hands and smiled as once boyhood he had scarcely smiled.

"It is good," cried Harry then, boyishly, in his turn, "to see your mute[illegible]ker grin once more. Ray. As Muhammed I[illegible] looked for it many a time in vain—I thought I had lost my old sub!"

"But there's one thing we must remember," said Bethune, suddenly earnest again in the midst of the welcome relaxation. "We must remember the old fellow's threat. You will have a bit of a j[illegible] to keep out of trouble with the powers that be, won't you, after Sir Arthur's meddling?"

The anxiety on his countenance was not reflected upon English's face.

"I shall have my own story to tell," English said; "and I think that I have knowledge of sufficient value to make me a *persona grata* in high quarters just now. They will be rather more anxious, I take it, to retain my services rather than dispense with them—in spite of Sir Arthur."

He broke off; his brow clouded again. He sighed heavily.

But what does that matter?" he added. "Just now there is only one thing that matters in the whole world."

TO BE CONCLUDED

The Meanest of Men

"There's nothing more detestable," said Dolly
With a pout
That seemed to rob her pretty speech of every
mite of doubt,
"Than men who always flatter us, unless"—
(Alas! why won't
A woman be consistent?)—"'tis the stupid
ones who don't."

—*Nixon Waterman.*

To be Honest About AIR-COOLING

EVERYBODY who knows anything about motor cars is agreed that the well-[illegible]-cooled [illegible] is perfection in the [illegible] months. Even the most violent disbelievers in air-cooling will admit that when the temperature is at freezing point, or below, an air-cooled motor runs cool enough.

And everybody is agreed that the water-cooled motor is full of complications—such as leaking pipes, faulty pumps, freezing in cold weather, and a host of other troubles.

But there are a good many people who doubt the efficiency of an air-cooled motor in the heat of summer weather—particularly when the car is running exposed to the sun on a very hot day.

The simple truth about air-cooling is this:

A properly designed motor, the cylinders of which are flanged and subjected to the constant play of a circulating air blast from a powerful fan, will work perfectly under the hottest sun of July or August.

The best type of air-cooled motor is a 4-cylinder, vertical tandem, i. e., a motor having four upright cylinders arranged in a row parallel to the length of the car. It originated in Waltham. It will supersede all others in 1906. This allows a very large cylinder area to be reached by the air. And a well-designed air-cooled cylinder has its outer surface seamed with flanges so that the air blast has a great deal more metal to work on than if the cylinder were plain.

The Orient Positive Air-Cooled motor is exactly this type. It is a 4-cylinder, vertical tandem, with a powerful four-bladed fan and a special system of flanges.

We chose the hottest days of the last two summers for testing it, and drove Waltham cars up hill and down, forty, sixty and eighty miles at a trip, with five persons in the car, and we found that it would not heat up sufficiently even to blister the paint on the dash or hood.

And we were making an average of thirty-five miles an hour!

The Orient Light Touring Car, shown below, is the only motor car in the world at $1050 (or less) which has a 4-cylinder, vertical tandem, Positive Air-cooled motor, direct drive, sliding gear transmission, and three forward speeds and reverse. It is 16 Horsepower, and its speed is thirty-five miles an hour. This car has a seating capacity of five persons, the tonneau entrance being through a swinging front seat. It is superbly designed, and its finish and equipment are strikingly handsome and luxurious. Remember that on *Orient* Touring Cars *alone* the design of the more powerful cars is duplicated in the lighter models.

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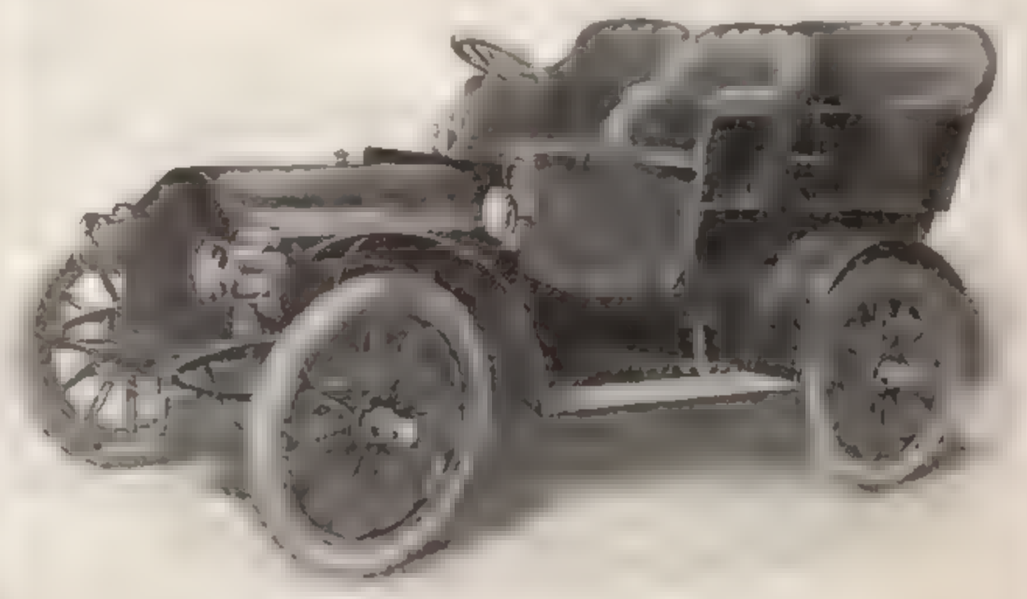
The Orient Style Book shows the eight cars listed below. It's valuable—but sent free if you address Dept. F



Orient Light Touring Car with Tonneau, 16 Horsepower. Price $1050. Speed 35 miles an hour.

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Model A, Price $375.

Model A, Buckboard,	4 H. P.,	$375
Model B, Surrey,	4 H. P.,	450
Model C, Runabout,	4 H. P.,	475
Model D, Tonneau,	4 H. P.,	525

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The Reading Table

A Post-Mortem

"Great Heavens, child, are you a ghost?"
"No, sir, a Peter Newell-Post"
—H. W. Armstrong

Mrs. Hall Caine in Politics

MRS. HALL CAINE tells with pardonable pride of the part which she took in her husband's campaign for membership in the House of Keys, Isle of Man.

"He would not let me talk to the people for him," she said, "as I wanted to. And he would not let me write, either. But his campaign color was rose, and I contented myself with tying a rose ribbon to the tail of every dog in the island. But alas! I couldn't press the cats into service, for Manx cats, you know, are tailless!"

Who is Fiona Macleod?

THE mystery of the identity and sex of Fiona Macleod, the Celtic poet, is forever being approached by admirers, anxious to get at the truth of the rumors that this mysterious author is William Sharp, W. B. Yeats and others. Seldom, however, is so point-blank a query raised as was put to Mr. Yeats on his visit to New York.

He was entertained at dinner in Brooklyn, and one of the guests, a woman who admired his work and had been anxious to meet him, was unfortunately seated at the far end of the table. The dinner was [illegible] before she had opportunity to address him. Then, in a lull in the talk, she leaned forward.

"Oh, Mr. Yeats!" she said.

She is a very pretty woman, and her eagerness made her doubly attractive.

"Do tell us," she demanded, "whether Fiona Macleod, whom we adore, is your wife."

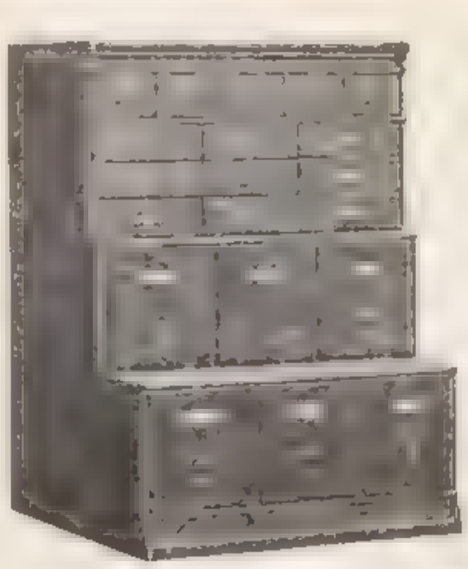
Mr. Yeats regarded her for a moment with his never-failing quizzical smile.

"Why, no, indeed, Mrs. B——," said he, "may I ask if he is your husband?"

A Fair Barbarian

MRS. JOHN REDMOND, wife of the Irish Member of Parliament, carried off a trying situation with becoming ease when she visited New York with her husband.

She was invited to dine at Sherry's with a party of ten, the dinner to be given in her honor. Mrs. Redmond wished to pay her hostess the compliment of appearing in her most becoming gown, and, following the Continental custom, she wore a beautiful dinner gown, décolleté and sleeveless. She arrived at the café somewhat after the others, and not until she joined the other women did she note the high throated, long-sleeved



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gowns which are worn at café dinners in America. Just for a moment she hesitated, and then she advanced, on the arm of her husband, to her hostess.

"Now," she said, in her charming accent, "shall I not explain to the head waiter myself that I am a barbarian and save us all from this disgrace?"

Joaquin Miller and Yone Noguchi

THE story of the coming of Yone Noguchi, the Japanese poet, to this country, and of his reception by Joaquin Miller, shows that Japanese poets have some of the spirit and mettle of Japanese soldiers.

Master Noguchi, at school near Tokyo, conceived at fourteen years of age, that he wanted to see the world, sold his schoolbooks for sufficient yen to pay his runaway expenses to Tokyo, where he could join his brother. Tokyo he reached in safety, only to find that his brother had left there and gone to a town sixty miles distant. The young poet, having almost no money left, started bravely to walk the sixty miles, and, favored by weather and roads, he arrived there at nightfall of the third day. He went to the address given him as that of his brother and found that the latter had, the day before, returned to Tokyo. Having but one piece of money left, he unhesitatingly divided it between a public bath and a theatre, and spent the night out-of-doors. The next morning he started to walk back to Tokyo.

"But," he says naively, "I thought it would not be interesting to go back the way I came, so I take different road."

This road finally led him, by a journey of eighty miles, to his brother's home.

When, a few years later, he decided to come to America, he collected his resources and arrived in San Francisco with $300. The first night that he was there he attended a meeting of Philippine sympathizers, was filled with enthusiasm, and laid down $100 as his share in the fund. At once his fellow countrymen in San Francisco, seeing this liberality, and needing shoes and shelter and other things, came to him with their stories, and in three weeks he was penniless. He worked his way to Leland Stanford, there washed dishes and swept out recitation rooms for six months' education, and finally, hearing of Joaquin Miller, he one day appeared at his door with his hands full of poems.

"Mr. Miller was very good," he says modestly; "he look at my poems. He say 'Come in. Stay with me.'"

Mr. Noguchi lived with Mr. Miller for six years. Later, when he went to London and was the guest of Witham Michael Rossetti, honored by Owen Seaman in Punch, and féted at some of the clubs on the appearance of the English edition of his poems, he said that he had never seen any hospitality greater than that "Come in. Stay with me."

Stedman's Hedda Gabler

UNDESERVED laurels are not easily had at the feet of Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, but he had one tribute some time ago which he did not earn. It was at one of Mrs. Fiske's presentations of Hedda Gabler, and Mr. Stedman and a party of friends occupied a proscenium box. In the balcony sat a young man who is an admirer of Mr. Stedman, and near him was a middle-aged woman. Each was unaccompanied.

When the curtain had fallen on the second act of the play, the young man was astonished to hear himself accosted by the elderly woman.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said, "but could you tell me what this is all about?"

Thus challenged, the young man did his best. He entered upon the story of the Ibsen play, gave some account of Hedda, and even ventured a bit of explanation of the characterization. As he talked the eyes of his interrogator roamed idly about the house, and, at the conclusion of the narrative which she had invoked, were resting upon the box occupied by Mr. Stedman. Her only rejoinder to the Ibsen story was:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but can you tell me who that fine-looking old gentleman is in the lower right-hand box?"

"Ah, that," responded the young man, "is Mr. Stedman."

Then, thinking to see how far the fame of his idol had extended, he added:

"It is Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, the poet."

Instantly the face of the woman lighted with pleasure, tempered by awe.

"Oh," she breathed, "the author? Is it? Well, now, I do hope the newspapers will give him good notices in the morning!"

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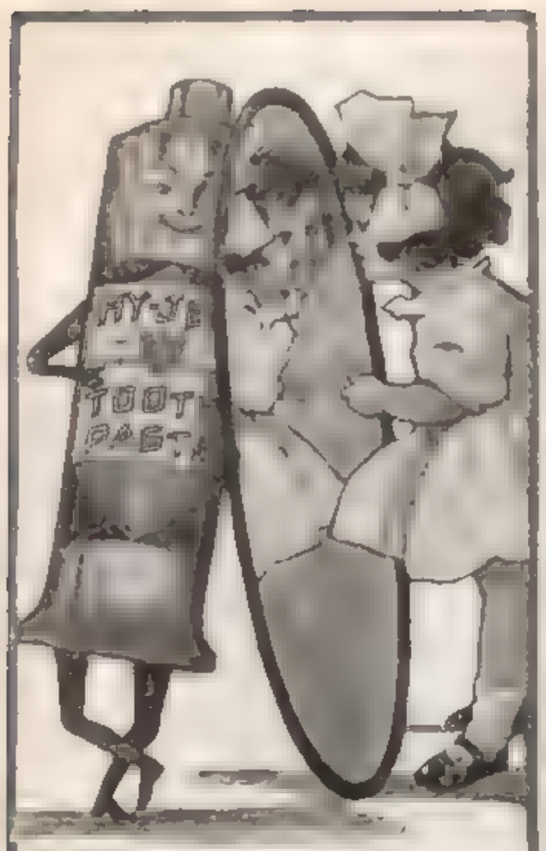

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A Glimpse of Theodore Thomas

By William Armstrong

THE human side of a great man is commonly the most interesting, yet the human side is generally left out of the records. Consequently, the desire to attribute to him a supreme elevation ends in removing him from the keener sympathy.

The place that Theodore Thomas held as the pioneer of orchestral music in America and as the teacher of a great people, placed him in a unique position, and on a pedestal apart. The position that he made for himself not only in the point of orchestral music, but as the inspiring factor in the founding of every symphony orchestra in America, from that in Boston down, remains to speak for him, and much will doubtless be written of it.

Of the human side, the side that will bring him into a closer sympathy with the people at large, little will likely be said, for the reason that those who write were, except in very rare instances, never in intimate touch with him.

It has often been said that he was indifferent to both praise and criticism, yet I believe he very keenly felt and appreciated both. Two aversions he had—vocal soloists and newspaper men. Naturally, he knew a vast deal of both classes during his long career. Very often his manner was one not calculated to inspire the best of feeling with either. Yet, as far as the press writers are concerned, no celebrity has ever been given a greater degree of attention than he. Much was written that was unjust, but the major part of it, and notably for the last ten years of his career, was done with an appreciation of his future as well as of his present position. Whether Mr. Thomas fully recognized what the press had done for his career I do not know, but I do know that he was frankly grateful for dignified mention.

Much has been made of the assertion that he did not read the disagreeable things that were said of him. But I never believed that. Every celebrity reads what is written about himself. A good deal was doubtless, and wisely, kept from him, for sharp comment is deeply nettling to the artistic temperament. A good deal, however, I think he read for himself, and though he was singularly sensitive to adverse criticism, some of it influenced his actions in minor things.

But in the following out of an important purpose nothing deflected him. In the stormiest days of his life—the ones just before the canceling of all musical plans at the Columbian Exposition—he always stepped out on the stage sturdy, vigorous and inflexible. And he always had his audiences with him. One afternoon, in the midst of it, he was dressing at the Exposition Hall for a concert, when his collar-button rolled under the bureau, and he sat down on a chair and cried. It was all that had gone before that [illegible] the straw. Every one of us, weak or strong, has the point of collapse, and it is no small consolation to hold to that a man of such will and courage as Mr. Thomas shared it.

Mr. Thomas' face was a clear index to his character. Singularly refined and mobile, constantly changing in expression, his firmness and determination showed in his jaw and mouth. The lines about the latter were hard, but the upper part of the face expressed a great gentleness. He was a combination of splendid firmness and stubbornness [illegible] who knew him best loved him best [illegible] casually thrown with him formed their idea of his character from the mood of the moment in which they met him. If that moment happened to be one of nervous tension or excitement they made but a biased estimate. But the fact remains, according to general opinion among his closer friends, that during the last ten years of his life Mr. Thomas was far less excitable and nervously irritable than in the earlier part of it.

A singer of sound qualities he valued frankly, realizing better than most people, perhaps, that there are so few of them.

He once said to me: "It used to be that I would fight, but now I walk away."

A little later I repeated his words to him, adding: "But a great singer said to me the other day that you must have changed your mind since the argument in rehearsal with Madame Klafsky at the Cincinnati Festival,

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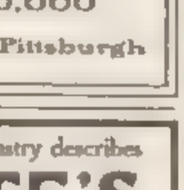

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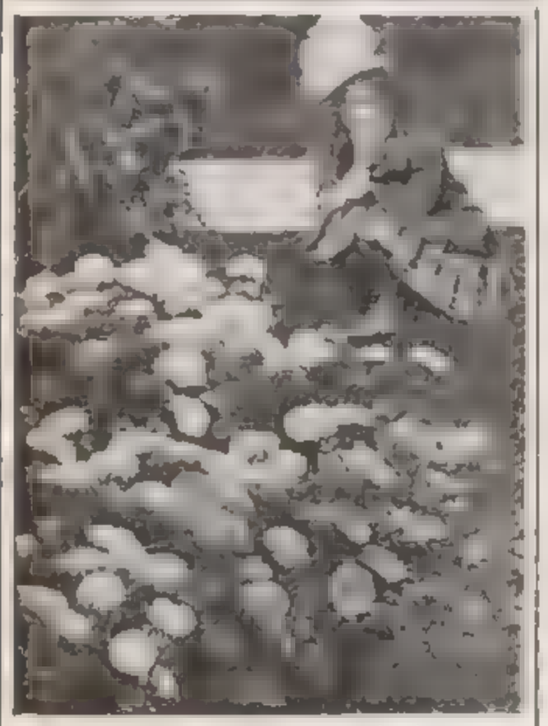

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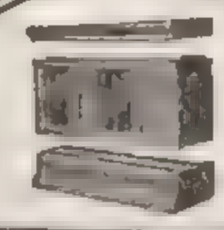

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which left her too hoarse to sing in concert the next day

"Madame Nordica said that, didn't she?" he returned with a grim smile. "Well, I don't mind if she did say it, for she is one of the few of them that knows something."

One day, during a musical festival, one of the directors, an old gentleman, came to a soloist's dressing room and asked her to sing louder, as some of her phrases had not been clearly heard the previous day.

"It is impossible; I gave out all I had," was her answer. "Mr. Thomas will have the orchestra play too loud for me."

"Did you tell him about it?" he inquired.

"It is no use," was the answer

"I will go to him myself," said the director promptly

Soon, very soon he came back, with his cheeks rather pink

"Well?" said the singer suavely, trying hard not to smile. "And what did he tell you?"

"To go to the devil," said the old gentleman.

"I thought he would," the singer said sweetly. "And so you came back to me."

Mr. Thomas was inflexible with all vocalists. No note, no matter how high or how effective, did he allow held a fraction beyond the value given it by the composer, and he adhered to the belief that in excerpts from Wagner in concert the orchestra should be allowed greater prominence than in the operatic performance. For this reason the singers were obliged to struggle against an unusual volume of sound. Whether they came out first or second best depended largely upon their quality of tone and lung power

Madame Materna, once after such a struggle in concert at the Exposition, scarlet from the effort, exclaimed in a tone that people in the front rows clearly heard: "Oh, Mr. Thomas, that is not right! That is not right!"

But he had gained the effects for which he had aimed

Under his baton the singers did not lead, but followed, and followed as the music was written

When the time came around for his fiftieth anniversary of musical work in America I spoke with him regarding the writing of an article to mark it. "How did you find that out?" he exclaimed. "I didn't know it myself."

He had been too absorbed in the work of the present to remember the past

During the two weeks of study in his library to get material entirely from his books of programs—for he kept no newspaper notices—he talked of his love of books, especially of Carlyle, and his regret that a too busy life kept him from enjoying them; but whenever a reference was made he was able to find both volume and page without hunt or hesitation

Those same books of programs, many volumes of them, he then said should be his only biography—an intention which, as is now proved, he later abandoned

Rehearsals with him were strenuous affairs, for he was immensely exacting, and sharp, often caustic, in his comment. But when a thing was played unusually well he would turn to the darkened, empty auditorium, and pretend to make a little speech in German, telling the imaginary "Ladies and gentlemen" how finely they had done it. At such times the musicians would be as pleased as so many boys.

In speaking of the contrast of the classic and modern, Mr. Thomas said to me: "I think that all this stress in the music of to-day will give way to a simpler style and to Mozart, to small halls and smaller orchestras; and it is my firm impression that music of that kind will have just as strong effect on the nerves as all the crash we get now. For my part, I would be thankful for the change!"

Somehow, the impression became fixed that Mr. Thomas was an ardent Wagnerite, to the exclusion of all else. In reality he admired Wagner only in his proper place in music. The great conductor had a splendid catholicity of taste, and he was, up to the final minute, with and of his day

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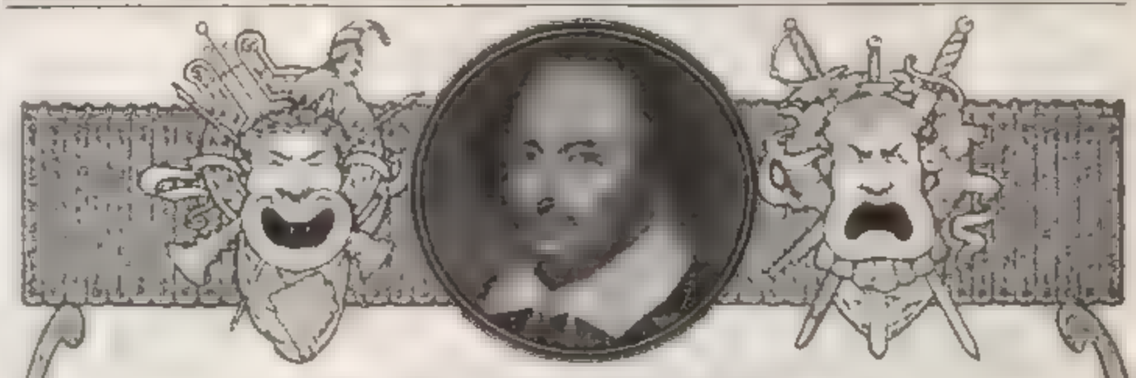

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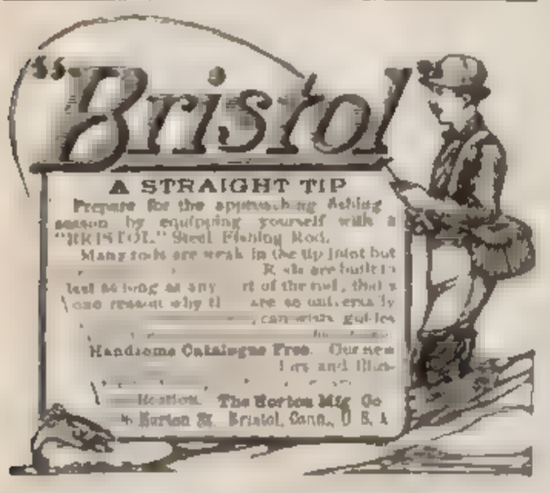

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(Concluded from Page 11)

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"'Teased him a bit,' grinned Tib, as he tossed the cards together in an honest deal. 'I didn't cheat, my boy. I simply let him try and he failed. It will teach him to avoid temptation in the future, I hope.'

"But the other, being short of dogs, now shoved me on to the mat and motioned that Emma and five dogs be put against me. Tib's treasurer demurred and wanted to set Emma up alone. Then my patron got mad and threatened to jump on to the rug himself. This scared Goliath, and he sullenly allowed the dogs to be wagered. My captor passed his hand, and to my surprise Tib followed suit, making it the first jackpot.

"'He'll be careful in discarding this time, I'm sure,' grinned Tib, handing over the deck with a brazen flush carelessly displayed near the top.

"The old fellow grabbed the cards with a grunt of joy, and dealt. Tib hesitated, then opened for one dog. My owner came back with a five dog boost to draw cards. Tib met it after pondering a bit, and raised it two pups. Back came the limit, and back it went. This cleaned old copperskin out of quadrupeds, and he bet no more, although he chuckled hoarsely as Tib motioned for three cards. Copperskin then laid his hand face down and signified he was satisfied with what he had. Tib's owner, fearing all was lost, began to growl and apply the point of his spear. Tib waved the weapon aside and bet an infant bow wow. He was promptly raised the limit in spears. Again he raised, and the dogs were covered with skins. One more raise, and Sitting Bull swept all his belongings to the carpet and triumphantly threw down his hand. Tib showed three aces.

My master, without examining his cards, gave a loud 'woof!' and began hauling in the stakes, while the other copper demon raised his spear preparatory to transfixing Tib, taking it for granted the latter's plunge had lost all. But Tib with a sharp yelp pointed to his adversary's hand, and his infuriated backer reached over and disturbed the card with his spear point. Although the ten of hearts was on top all the other cards were brunettes, and worthless.

"Well, sir, it simply swept Sitting Bull and his children off their feet! They had seen him palm a heart flush, and probably knowing he was the best joker player in the shadow of the North Pole they had chortled without stint. Goliath, as Emma and I trooped to his side of the skin, gave a gleeful howl and began dancing derisively before his guest. To put the final jolt into the scene Sitting Bull slapped one of Tib's chips and was immediately bitten through the thumb. With a howl of rage and pain he sent his seven-foot stalker into the misguided cur.

"Then Goliath and his followers broke loose and jumped the other clan to avenge this gross breach of hospitality. I was quickly covered with a mob of the infuriated giants, and say, for rough horseplay it has football on Soldiers' Field beaten into a tender nursery game! Some one grabbed me by the heels and pulled me out of the squirming, spear-thrusting mass. I discovered my rescuer was Emma. Together we located Tib's fat form and extricated him. Then, realizing that every one was busy with home affairs, we scuttled off to the west. I reckon they were too actively engaged to pursue us, for we never saw them again, and the Black Dog had to worry along without his propitiation. Three days later we reached the coast, and in a half-starved condition ultimately made Godthaab.

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Literary Folk
Their Ways and Their Work

OUR NEIGHBOR MOSES His future in a free country and his dreams of what he will make of it

¶ The flood of so-called American literature rose higher than ever before this winter to meet the New Year. All kinds of people wrote all kinds of books for the holiday trade. They now fill the shelves of the shops, dealing with every subject known to the mind of man. One will not try now to classify them nor to specify any especial subject in them, but will choose from the mass in this instance a single volume which is odd or strong or fine enough to give the reader an hour or two of genuine help or pleasure.

For this purpose one selects a little book called Zionism, by Max Nordau and Dr. Gustav Gottheil (*Scott-Thaw Company*), which ought to give to any sane man matter for much grave thinking.

There is an old story that Wilhelm I once asked Bismarck

"What do you consider the strongest proof of the truth of the Bible?"

"The Jew," was the prompt reply.

Whether we love or hate our neighbor Moses, the fact remains that he is with us, and that he is with every other nation on earth, the most important human problem in the world to-day. No man living has so strange a history; no man has planned his future with more certainty. Other races have arisen, lived and flourished, protected in their own lands for ages, but at last have disappeared. There is not a trace of them now left among mankind.

The Jew, without a country or a home, starved, slaughtered, driven from land to land during twenty centuries, is here among us, the same man on the streets of New York to-day that he was in Jerusalem in the time of Herod—healthy, rich, gayly clad, keen-witted [illegible] to his father, his wife and his race. He has a better chance to develop now in this country than he ever has had in any other. How will he use it? So important among us is he already that the Anti-Semitic problem does not touch our national life so nearly.

This lean little book is full of information and suggestion for any one who wishes to understand the Jew. For 2000 years, Mr. Nordau tells us, his people longed for their return to Palestine and for the coming of the Messiah. "Prayers," he says, "for both of these supreme blessings stand side by side on every page of our liturgy." But now the majority of educated Hebrews accept the dispersion of the race as a final, unalterable fact, the coming of a Messiah means to them simply the setting up of their monotheism in every country of the world.

Then there is another party which declares this religious idea to be merely "mission-swagger." They demand the right of the Jews to become an entity, a normal nation living on its own soil and with its own government. This Zionism, says Nordau, is that of the Jewish élite. The uneducated mass still clings to the old superstition. They have been driven by persecution and by old tradition to the present effort to colonize Palestine, and have formed 900 societies to carry out that purpose. Their aim is to bring together millions of tradesmen, from every nation and speaking every tongue, to turn them into farmers and shepherds, and produce again the Arcadia of the Golden Age.

M. Gottheil's paper is only a fervent eulogy of the character of his race. Their persecutions in Russia, he declares in effect, always grew out of the simple fact that the Jews all were sober and saintly [illegible] Slavs all were drunkards and scoundrels.

The little treatise, as has been said, is full of interest to any thoughtful American, whatever may be his personal attitude toward his Hebrew neighbor.

¶ **MINOR MENTION**: Emily Post exhibits a light touch, sharp observation, a pretty wit and a deft turn for satire in The Flight of a Moth (*Dodd, Mead & Co.*). The story—what there is of it—is told in the form of letters from a pretty widow enjoying in Europe and chiefly in France her first taste of freedom. She becomes a more and more attractive person. Her pictures of her friends have something of the tang of The Letters of Elizabeth, and her love-affairs are always interesting until an English peer finally wins her

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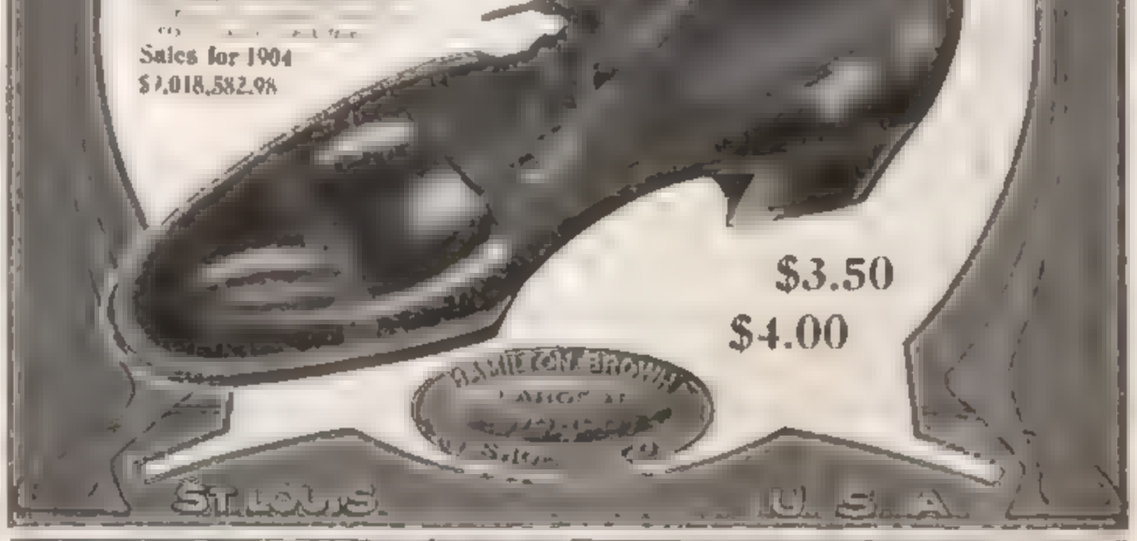

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PAUL COE

Cor Greene and Mulberry Sts., Baltimore, Md.

A DIARY FROM DIXIE

(Concluded from Page 9)

MARCH 15.—Old Mrs. Chesnut is dead. A saint is gone, and James Chesnut is broken-hearted. He adored his mother. Gave $375 for my mourning, which consists of a black alpaca dress and a crape veil. With bonnet, gloves and all it came to $500. Before the blockade such things as I have would not have been thought fit for a chambermaid.

MARCH 18.—General Lee had tears in his eyes when he spoke of his daughter-in-law just dead—that lovely little Charlotte Wickham, Mrs. Roony Lee. Roony Lee says "Beast" Butler was very kind to him while he was a prisoner. The "Beast" has sent him back his war-horse. The Lees are men enough to speak the truth of friend or enemy, fearing not the consequences

CAMDEN, SOUTH CAROLINA, MAY 8.—As we walked up to Mrs. Davis' carriage one day, Doctor Garnett with Maggie Howell, Major Hall with me, suddenly I heard her scream, and some one stepped back in the dark and said in a whisper: "Little Joe! he has killed himself!" I felt reeling, faint, bewildered A chattering woman clutched my arm: "Mrs Davis' son? Impossible. Whom did you say? Was he an interesting child? How old was he?" The shock was terrible, and unnerved as I was I cried: "For God's sake, take her away!"

Mr. Burton Harrison met us at the door of the Executive Mansion. As I sat in the drawing-room I could hear the tramp of Mr Davis' step as he walked up and down the room above. Not another sound. The whole house as silent as death. It was then twelve o'clock; so I went home and waked General Chesnut, who had gone to bed. We went immediately back to the President's.

Mrs. Semmes said when she got there that little Jeff was kneeling down by his brother, and he called out to her in great distress: "Mrs. Semmes, I have said all the prayers I know how, but God will not wake Joe."

Poor little Joe, the good child of the family, was so gentle and affectionate. He used to run in to say his prayers at his father's knee. Now he was laid out somewhere above us, crushed and killed. Mrs. Semmes, describing the accident, said he fell from the high north piazza upon a brick pavement. Before I left the house I saw him lying there, white and beautiful as an angel, covered with flowers; Catherine, his nurse, flat on the floor by his side, was weeping and wailing as only an Irishwoman can.

Immense crowds came to the funeral, sympathetic, but shoving and pushing rudely. There were thousands of children even there, and each child had a green bough or a bunch of flowers to throw on little Joe's grave, which was already a mass of white flowers, crosses and evergreens. The morning I came away from Mrs. Davis', early as it was, I met a little child with a handful of snowdrops. "Put these on little Joe," she said; "I knew him so well," and then she turned and fled without another word

MAY 27.—Mrs. Chesnut was only a year younger than her husband. He is ninety-two or three. She was deaf; but he retains his senses wonderfully for his great age. I have always been an early riser. Formerly I often saw him sauntering slowly down the broad passage from his room to hers, in a flowing flannel dressing-gown when it was winter.

Her voice was "soft and low" (the oft-quoted). Philadelphia seems to have lost the art of sending forth such voices now. Mrs. Binney, old Mrs. Chesnut's sister, came among us with the same softly modulated, womanly, musical voice. Her clever and beautiful daughters were *crudites*. Judge Han said: "Philadelphia women scream like macaws." This morning, as I passed Mrs. Chesnut's room, the door stood wide open, and I heard a pitiful sound. The old man was kneeling by her empty bedside, sobbing bitterly

JULY 25.—Isabella said to-day that she saw the Preston sisters pass her house, and as they turned the corner there was a loud and bitter cry. It seemed to come from the Hampton house. Both girls began to run at full speed.

Mrs. Martin is deaf, so she heard nothing and thought Isabella fanciful. Isabella hurried over there, and learned that they had come to tell Mrs. Preston that Willie was killed—Willie, his mother's darling!

New England

Skeleton Watch

¶ The illustration shows the complete watch. Back and front are covered with strong, dust proof crystals, permitting an unobstructed view to the entire mechanism.

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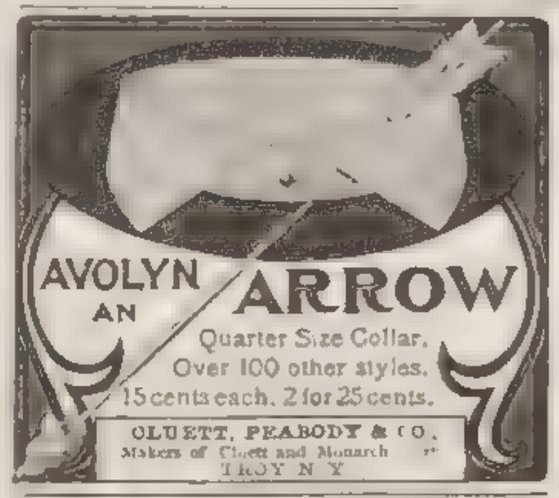

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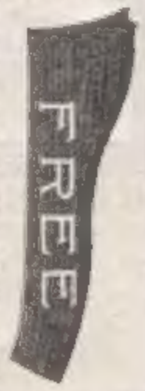

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THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., West Grove, Pa.

The Lady and the License

(Continued from Page 7)

the eldest, strike up—any tune. We'll *march* up, and show this sneak we Bastables aren't afraid, whoever else is."

You will perhaps find it difficult to believe, but we *did* strike up. We sang The British Grenadiers, and when the Police told us to stow it we did not. And Noël said:

"Singing isn't dogs or pedlering. You don't want a license for that."

"I'll soon show you," said the Police.

But he had to bend his proud stomach to our melodious song, because he knew that there isn't really any law to prevent you singing if you want to.

We went on singing. It soon got easier than at first, and we followed Bates' donkey and cart through some lodge gates and up a drive with big trees, and we came out in front of a big white house, and there was a lawn. We stopped singing when we came in sight of the house, and got ready to be polite to Sir James. There were some ladies on the lawn in pretty blue and green dresses. This cheered us. Ladies are seldom quite heartless, especially when young.

The Police drew up Bates' donkey opposite the big front door with pillars, and rang the bell. Our hearts were beating desperately. We cast glances of despair at the ladies. Then quite suddenly Alice gave a yell that wild Indian war-whoops are simply nothing to, and tore across the lawn and threw her arms around the green waist of one of the ladies.

"Oh, I'm so glad," she cried; "oh, save us! We haven't done anything wrong, really and truly we haven't."

And then we all saw that the lady was our own Mrs. Red House, that we loved so much. So we all rushed to her, and before that Police had got the door answered we had told her our tale. The other ladies had turned away when we approached her and gone politely into a shrubbery.

"There, there," she said, petting Alice and Noël and as much of the others as she could get hold of, "don't you worry, dears, don't. I'll make it all right with Sir James. Let's all sit down in a comfy heap and get our breaths again. I am so glad to see you all. My husband met your Father at luncheon the other day. I meant to come over and see you to-morrow."

You cannot imagine the feelings of joy and safeness that we felt, now we had found some one who knew we were Bastables and not vagrant outcasts like the Police thought.

The door had now been answered. We saw the base Police talking to the person who answered it. Then he came toward us, very red in the face.

"Leave off bothering the lady," he said, "and come along of me. Sir James is in his *library*, and he's ready to do justice on you, so he is."

Mrs. Red House jumped up, and so did we. She said, with smiles as if nothing was wrong:

"Good-morning, Inspector!"

He looked pleased and surprised, as well he might, for it'll be long enough before he's within a mile of being an inspector.

"Good-morning, miss, I'm sure," he replied.

"I think there's been a little mistake, Inspector," she said. "I expect it's some of your men, led away by zeal for their duties. But I'm sure *you'll* understand. I am staying with Lady Harborough, and these children are very dear friends of mine."

The Police looked very silly, but he said something about hawking without a license.

"Oh, no, not *hawking*," said Mrs. Red House; "not *hawking*, surely! They were just *playing* at it, you know. Your subordinates must have been quite mistaken."

Our honesty bade us say that he was his own only subordinate and that he hadn't been mistaken, but it is rude to interrupt, especially a lady, so we said nothing. The Police said firmly:

"You'll excuse me, miss, but Sir James expressly told me to lay information directly nex' time I caught any of 'em at it without a license."

"But you see you didn't catch them at it." Mrs. Red House took some money out of her purse. "You might just give this to your subordinates to console them for the mistake they've made. And look here, these mistakes do lead to trouble sometimes. So I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll promise not to tell Sir James a word about it."

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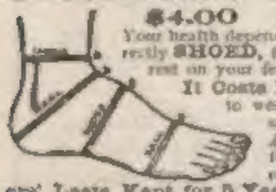

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We listened breathless for his reply. He put his hands behind him.

"Well, miss," he said at last, "you've managed to put the Force in the wrong somehow, which isn't often done, and I'm blest if I know how you make it out. But there's Sir James a-waiting for me to come before him with my complaint. What am I a-goin' to say to him?"

"Oh, anything," said Mrs. Red House. "Surely some one else has done something wrong that you can tell him about?"

"There was a matter of a couple of snares and some night lines," he said, slowly drawing nearer to Mrs. Red House; "but I couldn't take no money, of course."

"Of course not," she said. "I beg your pardon for offering it. But I'll give you my name and address, and if ever I can be of any use to you . . ."

She turned her back on us while she wrote it down with a stumpy pencil he lent her, but Oswald could swear that he heard money chink and that there was something large and round wrapped up in the paper she gave him.

"Sorry for any little misunderstanding," the Police now said, feeling the paper with his fingers, "and my respects to you, miss, and your young friends—I'd best be going."

And he went—to Sir James, I suppose. He seemed quite tamed.

"So that's all right," said Mrs. Red House. "Oh, you dear children, you must stay to luncheon, and we'll have a splendid time."

"What a darling Princess you are," Noël said slowly; "you are a witch Princess, too, with magic powers over the Police."

"It's not a very pretty sort of magic," she said, and she sighed.

"Everything about you is pretty," said Noël. And I could see him beginning to make the faces that always precur his poetry fits. But before the fit could break out thoroughly the rest of us awoke from our stupor of grateful safeness and began to dance around Mrs. Red House in a ring. And the girls sang:

> The rose is red, the violet's blue,
> Carnation's sweet, and so are you,

over and over again, so we had to join in, though I think "She's a jolly good fellow" would have been more manly.

Suddenly a known voice broke in on our singing.

"*Well!*" it said. And we stopped dancing. And there were the other two ladies who had politely walked off when we first discovered Mrs. Red House. And one of them was Mrs. Bax, of all people in the world!

We said "Oh!" in one breath and were silent.

"Is it possible," said Mrs. Bax, "that these are the Sunday-school children I've been living with these three long days?"

"We're sorry," said Dora softly; "we wouldn't have made a noise if we'd known you were here."

"So I suppose," said Mrs. Bax. "Chloe, you seem to be a witch. How have you galvanized my six rag dolls into life like this?"

"Rag dolls!" said H. O. before we could stop him. "I think you're jolly mean and ungrateful, and it was sixpence for making the organs fly."

"My brain's reeling," said Mrs. Bax.

"H. O. is very rude, and I am sorry," said Alice; "but it *is* hard to be called rag dolls."

And then in answer to Mrs. Red House's questions we told how Father had begged us to be quiet, and how we had earnestly tried to be. When it was told, Mrs. Bax began to laugh, and so did Mrs. Red House, and at last Mrs. Bax said:

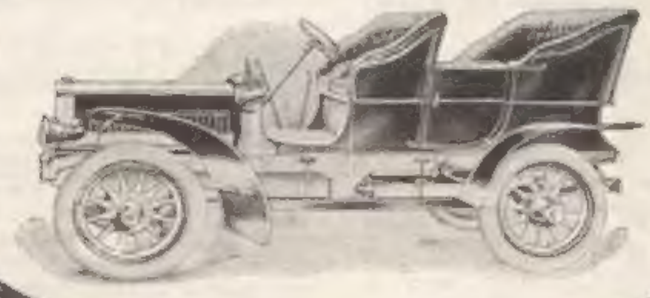
"Oh, my dears! you don't know how glad I am that you're really alive! I began to think—oh—I don't know what I thought! And you're not rag dolls—you're heroes and heroines, every man jack of you. And I do thank you. But I never wanted to be quiet like *that*. I just didn't want to be bothered with London and tiresome grown-up people. And now let's enjoy ourselves! Shall it be rounders, or stories about cannibals?"

"Rounders first and stories after," said H. O. And it was so.

Mrs. Bax, now that her true nature was revealed, proved to be A 1. The author does not ask for a jollier person to be in the house with. We had rare larks the whole time she stayed with us.

And to think that we might never have known her true character if she hadn't been an old school-friend of Mrs. Red House's, and if Mrs. Red House hadn't been such a friend of ours.

"Friendship," as Mr. William Smith so truly says in his book about Latin, "is the crown of life."



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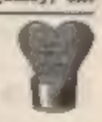

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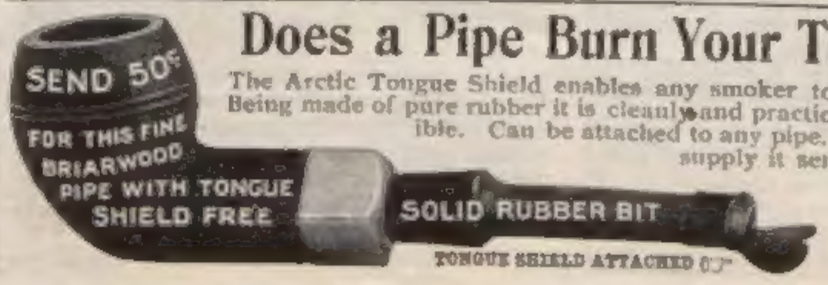

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What the human mind has to do with this problem of business and how to cultivate it.

¶ As I think the matter over now, I see quite clearly that **personality** is the thing that counts most for success in life, whether in business or out of business, and there is something that necessarily must be back of personality and I would like to know what it is.

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¶ I do not want anything to do with a System of Education that does not prepare me specifically for my increasing success in business.

¶ Somehow I believe that that **Sheldon System** is the thing and I am going to investigate without further delay, and, finding their representations true, I will send in my enrollment and get busy with my problem.

¶ If I remember correctly, the address of the School is 1165 McClurg Building, Chicago, Ill., and that to get their new illustrated 48-page Prospectus I must send three 2-cent stamps.

* * * * * * * * * * *

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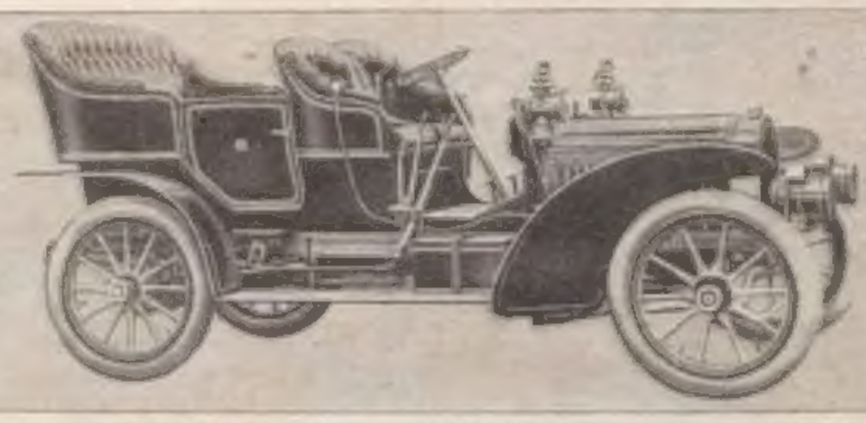

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